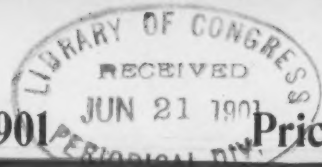


Vol. XI--No. 19

St. Louis, Thursday, June 20, 1901



Price Five Cents

THE MIRROR

A
WEEKLY
JOURNAL
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PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 19.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

THE MIRROR FOR THE SUMMER.

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Have the MIRROR sent after you.

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THE CASH REGISTER STRIKE.

PHILANTHROPY AND TRADES UNIONISM.

FROM many sections of the country have come to the editor of this paper comment upon his comment on the labor troubles in the National Cash Register Company's "model factory" at Dayton, Ohio. The company made a boast that its goodness to its employes "paid." The company gave the workers in its factories free baths, free books, free lectures and free other things. It gave them and then said it paid. It gave its employes free everything but freedom. The workers had to take largesse

because it was given by the bosses, but they couldn't belong to a Labor Union. The bosses didn't believe that such freedom would "pay." The men in the factory were coddled in everything that their employers thought good for them. The employers wouldn't let the employes think for themselves what was good for them. The employers were generous enough, but the workers were not free. Their lives were a gilded slavery. They had everything—that their employers thought they could afford to give. They had everything but what they wanted. They wanted to organize themselves. The employers insisted that they would dictate all the organization there might be. The National Cash Register Company's philanthropy was a blowsy fake. Nothing that has come to me from the Company's press bureau contradicts the impression at first received.

The National Cash Register Company is not wholly to blame of course. The men who are striking are trying to dictate whom the company shall employ. The Union is tyrannizing over the company, just as the company tyrannized with its offensive, profitable philanthropy. The men were simply revolted by being told all the time: "boys we're mighty good to you, of course, but we don't act that way because we think we ought to; we only do it because it pays." The "boys" were expected to be grateful for kindness so administered. Let any person reading this paragraph imagine himself to have been the recipient of a favor from some one and then to have that bestower of favor perpetually reminding the recipient of his duty to be grateful. Could there be anything more humiliating? It is fully as humiliating as the demand of the workers that the company employ none but unionist workers. "It pays," as an explanation of philanthropy, had a very basely vulgar ring to it. It was characteristic of a concern that was making money by making machines to check dishonesty. The establishment's output is in itself an insult to humanity, an advertisement that machines are needed to keep employes straight, and the attitude of its proprietors, in ostentatiously telling its employes how grateful they ought to be that they were allowed to be alive according to N. C. R. rules, was even more insulting. The N. C. R. Co. is surprised that the systematic coddling didn't keep out Unionism. They evidently thought that free cheap lunch, free baths, free lectures and all the rest were much cheaper than raising salaries along the line. Did the men say "we'd like a little more pay?" The reply was "What—when we're so good to you? More pay—when you have stereopticon views and can read 'Ben Hur' every evening?" Of course it paid. It was cheaper to pay a lecturer or to lay in a small stock of books or to invest in a half-barrel of flower-seeds than to raise wages even five cents per week per capita. Oh yes, it paid. The workers ought to be glad to work for employers who were so good to them—in the employers' way. The employes ought to be glad that they could amuse themselves any way they desired, if only it was in the way laid out by the heads of the establishment.

And so, while I am not in favor of a Trades Union running another man's business, dictating whom he shall or shall not employ, I am free to say that the tyranny of the Trades Union is not so disgusting, because not so hypocritical, as that of the proprietors of "the model factory of the world." This "model factory of the world" was a glabrous and dizzy pretense and the strike that has been sprung there has been of value to the world in showing that what workers want is not coddling, and tickling, and jollyng, but freedom. They don't want employers to be "good" to them. They would rather have employers just to them. The philanthropists-for-revenue thought that patronizing would stave off and keep out Unionism as it surely kept down wages, for how could the workers ask more wages or shorter hours from men who were always telling the workers how good

the company was to them? The model factory goes the way of the model town of Pullman. The Unions make war that is disastrous to labor's cause, but even that may be a small price to pay for the smashing of the smug, hypocritic philanthropic flubdubbery of treating workmen as favored serfs so long as they only think and act along the lines laid down by their masters. I have the same opinion of National Cash Register Company's philanthropy and goodness that I have of the honesty that is induced by the cash register in the man behind the counter. It's all of a piece.

The Trades Unions, to be sure, are dictatorial and illogical in demanding that their ideas shall dominate a factory, but that is no reason why one should approve of the dictation of employers that their workmen shall be "happy" according to rules and regulations laid down for a special sort of happiness, strictly limited by the peculiarities of the employers. Men must make themselves happy. They can't be made happy according to another's formulæ. Any attempt to force them to be happy in another way than their own is bogus philanthropy and rank oppression.

A good worker should receive good pay. There the obligation of employer to employe practically ends. A good worker will be a better worker under better conditions, but those conditions must not be such as to make him feel that he must be good only according to the boss' idea of goodness. A good worker should be permitted to join a Union if he wished, but should not be forced to join it if he didn't wish. The good worker should not dictate whom else his employer should employ. In brief, liberty both of employer and employe, is the ideal relation between the two. The worker should not be forced into a mould favored of the employer. The employer should not be coerced into courses favored of the worker. National Cash Registerism is worse than Trades Unionism at its boycotting worst, and doubly worse when it boldly proclaims that cheap kindness is profitable, that soft words butter parsnips, that philanthropy pays.

W. M. R.

SHALL THE FAIR OPEN ON TIME?

THE NECESSITY FOR A PUBLIC OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

"WILL the World's Fair be held in 1903?" The question is becoming a bore. In the opinion of THE MIRROR the Board of Directors of the enterprise could not do a better thing than issue a pronouncement to the country declaring its intention,—something emphatically final. Some of the Eastern papers have been insinuating, or openly saying, that the St. Louisans are going to ask Congress to postpone the event until 1904. Now this impression, if it once become general, will hurt the project. It will make everybody incline to postpone the consideration of making exhibits, and it will be an excuse for domestic and foreign delay in making appropriations for buildings. There is danger greater than most people imagine in this talk of postponement. For instance, one of the most distinguished writers in the West points out, in a letter to this office, that "a Republican Congress, in view of the gerrymander by which the Republicans are shut out of every Congressional district in Missouri except one, may be unwilling to grant any favors to Missouri." That would be injecting politics into the Fair, with a vengeance, and once partisan rancor is stirred up on such a matter there is no security that the result would not be an abandonment of the Fair. It is, at least, plain that a postponement to 1904 would be impolitic. It would be highly hazardous to try to hold a World's Fair in a Presidential year, with such a year's inevitable business disturbances, and with the possibility of the Fair being alleged to be a part of one or the other political machines. A postponement, if made at

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all, would have to put the Fair forward—or backward—to 1905. While that might give us more time to prepare the beautiful St. Louis, it would also be playing a long shot on prosperity, and might precipitate the Fair upon hard times such as prevailed in 1893 during the Chicago World's Fair. Some persons say we cannot get a Fair of the right kind ready in twenty months, but others deny this assertion. At least there seems to be no limit to the number of men that could be employed, and as we have plenty of room, so that workmen need not be so numerous as to fall over each other, and as we shall have the artistic and mechanical resources of the entire country at command, there is no doubt that in twenty months, and with a total of more than \$20,000,000 to use, we could come mighty near to designing and completing a Fair that would be a wonder of the world. And if the work be done in that time the fact of itself would be such an advertisement of American energy and ingenuity and intelligent meeting of emergencies as would make the outer world gasp for breath. The question of our ability to do the work in the time named is one to be determined by the engineers, architects, artists, landscapists, electricians of the country, and while they could not decide it off-hand they could do it within thirty days from the selection of the site. That the matter is of immense importance need not be insisted upon further. The city of St. Louis is practically upon its honor to have the Fair in 1903. Its bonuses from the Nation, the State, the States and the City are contingent upon the holding of the Fair in that year. There is no telling what whim or revulsion of feeling might sweep over the country in three or four years, or what conditions might arise to obstruct the success of the Fair. There is no doubt that the suggestion of wisdom is, that the Fair shall be held in 1903, if the men who build it have to work double shifts, or in three gangs, for the full period of twenty months. These facts and suggestions are not put forth in any spirit of hostility to the Fair's Directory. They are submitted simply because of the writer's observation of the disposition of people in various parts of the country to take for granted that the Fair will be postponed. The gentlemen acknowledged to be the leading spirits in the Fair Directory have said, from time to time, that the Fair would be held on time. They should issue an official statement or declaration, and have it sent broadcast over the country announcing the city's determination to have the Fair at the appointed time. This would make every man, institution, corporation or nation, intending to participate in the great exposition, get a rapid hustle on himself or itself, and, all such persons, institutions, corporations and nations working together with the Fair management, the Fair could undoubtedly be opened on time to the day and hour announced. A Fair opened on time would mean an enormous attendance from the start and prevent running at a loss for at least two out of six months.

W. M. R.

REFLECTIONS.

The Only One

HEARKEN to the raging, the ramping and the roaring of the Editor-Candidate at Lincoln. He is the only one ever born in captivity.

Freedom and Equality

THERE is little hope for success for the movement to repeal the Chinese exclusion law. That law is in line with the policy, at which the whole country winks, of disfranchising the negro in the South. The drift of the country is away from the doctrine of equality. The Republicans contend for the exclusion of Filipinos and Porto Ricans from American citizenship. The Democrats contend for the exclusion of the negro. Both parties, fearing the labor vote, will stand out for the exclusion of the Chinese from this country. Both parties are in the same boat on the general proposition of excluding undesirable persons from this country and from citizenship, and the white people generally approve of the exclusion of the tinted peoples. This argument does not make the matter inevitably right,

but it means that the "Declaration of Independence" is interpreted according to common sense and not in accordance with the sentimentalities of the Frenchmen from whom Thomas Jefferson took the idea that "all men are created free and equal." All men are entitled to as much freedom as they prove themselves fit for, and they are as equal as they may make themselves. The day is not far distant when some white men will be excluded from the ballot in this country.

Infernal Revenue

SINCE the organization of the internal revenue system, thirty-eight years ago, says the *Globe-Democrat*, the Peoria district has paid the Government \$440,500,000. As the money comes from whiskey almost exclusively this sign of prosperity cannot be regarded as wholly pleasing to many of our fellow citizens. They will regard it as "infernal" rather than "internal" revenue.

The Saturday Half-Holiday

IN Arthur Preuss' high-class *Review*, a Catholic priest protests against the Saturday half-holiday, on the ground that it enables men to drink, and young people to indulge in social dissipation to such an extent as to keep them away from church on Sunday. The reverend gentleman may know what he is talking about, but it is remarkable that there are no correlated facts to sustain his contention that the Saturday half-holiday makes for vice. The police authorities have not yet said that the Saturday half holiday increases drunkenness. On the contrary, the Saturday half-holiday seems to have reduced the number of Saturday night drunks. The working people get a chance to get out of the city. They get away to picnics and ball games in the afternoon and the saloons on Saturday night are not as populous as they used to be. The Saturday afternoon off has also tended, in the opinion of competent observers, to diminish the dangers of the Saturday night dance. It may be that there is a falling off in Sunday morning church attendance, but it is phenomenal if the falling off be due to the holiday. May it not be that the beautiful summer world calls people away from dull sermons and hot and stuffy churches? There is no reason in the argument that people do not go to church because they had too much rest the day before. The Saturday half-holiday, outside of the complaint here referred to, has not been blamed for a single thing in the way of working against morality. The city down-town is quieter on Saturday night than on any other night of the week except Sunday night, much quieter during the half-holiday season than during the season when Saturday is a full day for the worker. It would be interesting to know the experience of the clergymen of all denominations as to the effect of the half day off upon Sunday services, and it would be much more convincing if the Catholic priest who wrote to the *Review* in the strain referred to were the pastor of a city parish rather than a dweller in a country town. The opinion of employers is that the half holiday does no harm and does do a great deal of good. The police think it diminishes crime. No one hears the parents of working boys and girls complaining of it. And no priest or preacher at all familiar with city life has raised his voice in support of the idea of the writer of the letter to the *Review*. The Saturday half-holiday is of good effect mentally, morally and physically, in the main.

The Talkster

TOO bad that Chauncey Depew is not to be married, as was announced. The rumor offered such a splendid hope that the gentleman would be obliged to do some listening rather than all the talking.

Darwinism

A CLERGYMAN appeared before the Young Men's Christian Association Convention in Boston the other day and declared his belief in the Darwinian theory. His action had at least the merit of stating the theory correctly, for he showed the young men that the theory of biologists

is not that the human race descended from the anthropoid ape as we know him, but that primeval man and the modern anthropoid ape had a common progenitor, now extinct. The theory of evolution is only a theory anyhow, and too many people who think themselves learned forget that there is a difference between a theory and a demonstrated fact. The theory of evolution is not proven. The man who does not believe the theory is not necessarily a fossil. At the very best, evolution is only a working hypothesis, and we all know that in the march of science many a working hypothesis has reached a stage at which it ceased to "work." There is nothing in the theory of evolution, however, to destroy religion. Religion goes back of evolution's beginning. A God might as well evolve a universe as specially create it. So far as Christianity is concerned the reverend gentleman who startled the Y. M. C. A. well said that it is possible for a student of evolution to be a better Christian than one who denies the theory. Christ was an evolution, we may say, else why should He have come to earth at one time rather than another. He came when the time was ripe. His doctrine was the evolution of other doctrines. Evolution is only growth, development, law, reason, intelligence. It doesn't explain away God. And at least so far as it has gone up to the present time it does not explain the existence of man's conscience.

Street-Car Slaughter

THE St. Louis street-car motormen continue to slaughter two or three people per day. It used to be said that what St. Louis needed was more funerals, but really this slaughter-process is too rapid even for the taste of those who want a new St. Louis.

The "Mirror" and New St. Louis

How glibly the words "New St. Louis" drop from the lips of local orators and how smoothly they flow from editorial pens! One would think that each orator and editor was the originator of the idea. The fact is that the whole new St. Louis movement dates from the MIRROR article of two years ago entitled "What's the Matter With St. Louis?" That article and its followers alone kept alive the World's Fair and new St. Louis movement when this community thought the project was dying a-bornin'. The MIRROR's clamor for a general awakening of civic conscience and civic pride was kept up for more than two years, and there is not a matter of reform or improvement being urged today that was not on the MIRROR's programme at the time some of the people now posing as reformers were saying that the MIRROR was "befouling its own nest." The MIRROR's fight for an independent political movement forced the two great parties to make superior nominations, and now that the MIRROR's fight for a new and beautiful St. Louis has been practically won, the "great" dailies are claiming the credit. Everyone in St. Louis who knows anything knows that the MIRROR gave the cues for the renaissance now in progress here, and they know, moreover, that many of the present "progressives" were the people at whom the MIRROR directed its criticism and its ridicule. All of which, of course, is unimportant beside the fact that the movement demanded is here. The main thing is to have awakened the Sleeping Beauty. The present paragraph is printed solely to keep the record straight.

Impotency

A TRUSTWORTHY representative of the Scripps-McRae league of newspapers, Mr. W. A. Carpenter, has interviewed all the prominent Democrats of the country as to their party's future. The sum total of the opinions obtained is that the party leaders can't see any future, unless something happens to prove that the Republican policies are disastrous. In other words, the only chance for Democracy lies in a streak of bad luck for the country. The only word the leaders have for their followers is this: "cheer up, the worst is yet to come." No leader can see any prospect of success that is not based upon a hope that misfortune may befall us. They all hope to get into control of the offices as the result of the sufferings of the many.

What a pack of Adullamites! What a confession of political impotency! What a vile expediency! What a confession of absolute lack of ideas! Shade of *Mcawber*, waiting for something to turn up, was there ever, anywhere, such an idiotic admission that the Democratic party is only a party to obstruct things, not to do things?

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A Sign

TOM JOHNSON says he doesn't want to be Governor of Ohio, and wouldn't be if he could. Nevertheless, Tom Johnson is regarded, in some quarters, as a Democratic Presidential possibility. This is shown by the fact that the *Commoner* steadily refuses to recognize the value of his services in fighting the corporations. No Democratic "possibility" receives any free space in the *Commoner*.

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Lord Lytton

A SOCIETY has been formed in Massachusetts to "study" the works of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Odd how people will make a work of what should be only a pleasure. The works of Lord Lytton no more need elucidation than do the stories of Walter Scott. They are stories and nothing more. They are—both novels and plays—mainly remarkable as the works of a man who, perhaps, more narrowly escaped literary greatness than any Englishman of record. They are, in my opinion, among the most valuable literature of the last century, in that they are books which, falling into the hands of boys and girls, inspire an ambition for further, deeper and wider reading. "My Novel" alone is sufficient to start any one upon a course that will culminate in a quite decided culture. If only Bulwer Lytton had been less conscious of himself in his writing he would have ranked as a literary giant rather than a wonderfully clever dilettante, but with all his faults, and they are peculiarly exasperating ones, Bulwer Lytton will never be forgotten. The world will always read "Rienzi," "The Last days of Pompeii" and "Kenelm Chillingly."

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Appropriate

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has been granted the degree of Doctor of Laws. It is very appropriate. The canny Andrew wouldn't have had quite so much to give away if he and his associates had not doctored the laws, in the matter of the tariff, for their own benefit. Mr. Carnegie is a doctor of laws, all right.

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Muliebrity

WHEN is the country's jag of muliebrity to end? Woman, woman, nothing but woman in the papers, and not altogether an agreeable style of woman, either. There's Ellis Glenn, who is not quite certain it's a he or a she, filling several columns about herself. There's Cordelia Botkin getting ready to come out of prison after standing trial for the murder, by poisoned candy, of her lover's wife. There's Lulu Price Kennedy going to prison for ten years for killing the man she trapped into marrying her. There's the Milwaukee woman who is suing her former husband's second wife for the alimony allowed her when she obtained her divorce. There's the Chicago woman who divorced her aged husband and married a younger man that she might better care for the former. There's the stepmother in New Jersey who married her step-son. There's the mother-in-law in Paris who forced her son-in-law to elope with her. There's Jessie Morrison being tried for killing the wife of a man she thought she was in love with. There's Mrs. Barker whose husband shot out the Rev. Keller's right eye because Mrs. Barker said the Rev. Keller had made vile proposals to her. There is the woman in New York, the other day, who wanted her husband arrested because he was a woman. There's that Mrs. Bonine in Washington who tells such a queer story about the way in which she killed Mr. Ayres. And there are others. This collection of freaks of femininity is made quite extemporaneously, and might be extended indefinitely by adding the names of cranks like Mrs. Nation and several new prophetesses, healers, etc. The prominence given this sort of womankind is not good for woman or for man. It gives people qualms of stomach.

It's rather too large a dose of the obscure vagaries of sex. The taint of the unnatural is rather oppressively offensive in all such newspaper stuff, and the manner in which the various "cases" are exploited is suggestive of a certain depraved taste that rejoices in the contemplation and exposition of such horrors. What, in the name of Decency and Purity, must young girls, who read such things in the papers, think of such things? If they think with natural logic, along the lines indicated by the press treatment of these women, they must think that they are all heroines of romance. Not a single matter of the sort is treated other than as a story. The women are all "beautiful," "charming," "fascinating." They are pictured as of absorbing interest. They are glorified for that they are not humdrum, ordinary women. Look at the space that is given these "mysteries" of sex! Gaze upon their pictures! Scan the adjectives applied to their hair, eyes, lips, hands, figures! Could any woman get such celebrity by simply being good? Never. And if the effect of newspaper muliebrity upon feminine readers be bad, what must it be on boys at just those years when muliebrity and Nature are in league against them? What are we going to do about it? Nothing, I suppose, and yet one feels, after such a surfeit of sex, as if he had passed through some Tanitlan or Mylittan orgie in Carthage or Alexandria. Such stuff soaking into the minds of adults is enough to weary them of the world, but stealing into the souls of the young it is the poison that lulls them into "the greater death."

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Progressive Gotham

THAT ferry-boat which was smashed and sunk in New York harbor the other day had been in service only thirty-eight years. And it only sank once! How progressive they are in Gotham! They don't get a new boat until they have lost an old one with all its passengers and crew.

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Exposition and Public Library

THE MIRROR has not been in favor of an abandonment of the St. Louis Exposition and Coliseum, but "it's up to" the Exposition management to raise money, pay off its debts and go ahead with an Exposition that will amount to something. The structure is not an ornament and the expositions of late have not been edifying. Those stockholders who want to retain the Exposition feature should meet the assessment proposed or else let the structure go for what it may bring in the market, apply the sum to the satisfaction of creditors and let the ground revert to the city. If the Exposition is a dead one, let us know it. The stockholders should "shoot or drop the gun." And if the public will that the Exposition should go and that we should put the Public Library in its place, in the center of a fine park, why, let us go ahead with the Public Library. The Public Library should be built somewhere, by the time the World's Fair is open. There's no use preserving the Exposition as a relic. It must be made useful and it should be made less architectooralooral. It should protect the men who have endorsed its paper. There is no use protracting the agony of failure. Those who want the Exposition to remain a "feature of the city" should go down in their pockets and dig up the money necessary to keep the thing alive. They have denounced the plan to put the Public Library in the Exposition's place, but the only way to justify the denunciation is to make the Exposition worthy the confidence and support of the people. The MIRROR has said that it believes the Public Library should be erected further West, but if it be easier and cheaper to have the Public Library in the center of a park where the Exposition now stands and stands without any particular advantage to the community at large and with a burden of debt that is unpaid and unpayable, then the Public Library should be located there. This is no time for doubting and delaying. Action is what the city wants on all such matters. Those who want to keep the Exposition where it is must raise the money to keep it there or else let it go as an institution that has fulfilled its usefulness. Put the Exposition on a sound basis, make it pay its bills or pass it

over to the wreckers. Then put the Library in its place—if there be no better and more easily and economically procurable site. We must have a fine new Public Library. The Exposition stockholders are called upon to make it plain that we must have the Exposition. If they've got the nerve to send good money after bad in a determination to make the thing pay, the people will stand by them, but if they haven't the nerve and only stand back and say that the Public Library shall not take the place of an apparent failure, the people will brush them aside as obstructionist futilitarians.

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Reed

AND what's the matter with one Thomas Brackett Reed, now that—but didn't the aforesaid T. B. R. abandon his Presidential aspirations when he resigned the Speakership rather than either support or fight the Administration? If only he could come back into the field would't it enliven the political scrimmaging of the next four years?

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Style and Sweetness in "The Imitator"

THE author of "The Imitator," of which the tenth chapter appears in the MIRROR this week, has a very happy touch in dealing with the serener and more worthy things of life that is in strange contrast with the sardonic vein in which the semi-secret sores of smart-society life were treated in preceding chapters. The recital of the episode of gentle, dainty dalliance on the top of a Fifth avenue stage, in this week's instalment, is singularly pleasing in the way in which a breath of simple, unaffected, clean honesty is made to blow away, temporarily, at least, the fleshly and perverse odors that emanated from the stolen soul of Reggie Hart at Mrs. Sclatersby's dinner. There can be found no fault nor flaw in the character of *Jeannette Vanlief*, and the passages between her and the real Orson Vane indicate a keen appreciation that very naturally good, refined and cultured folks may exist and be decently happy in simple things even in the very midst of New York's Four Hundred. The author of "The Imitator" demonstrates very definitely that the frightful accuracy of diagnosis of the soul of Reggie Hart was not a triumph of sympathy, but rather an achievement of scornful analysis. When the author moves the persons of the story into a clearer atmosphere, as in the current instalment, they are seen to freshen under it and soar from the almost subter-human debasement of some chapters back. This week we have in "The Imitator" a little idyl of the heart of New York between two very bright people, who think quickly, talk well and act gracefully. It is a revelation of the flexibility of the author's capacity for entering into the human interest high or low, and especially are the passages of tentative love-making a demonstration of the possession of a peculiarly subtle quality of literary style. "The Imitator" is better writing than is to be found in ninety-nine out of one hundred novels of the day. It is cleverness pushed over into the realm of genius for saying the just sufficient thing in the only way it should be said under the circumstances. Who is the author of "The Imitator?" That's another story, not to be told just yet.

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Crocker, Aristocrat

THE anti-Tammany movement in New York City is not worrying Mr. Richard Crocker, in England. Mr. Crocker has become so rich that there is even a prospect that he may become a reformer himself. He has become so aristocratic that he has begun to live apart from his family. It is "common" to be intimate with one's own family, nowadays.

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Poetry

SOME of the eminent critics tell us frequently that there is no reading of poetry nowadays. They must be mistaken. The people read good poetry, and they are quick to discover it when it appears. The "Sonnets To a Wife," by Ernest McGaffey, which, after being out in book form for less than a week, have sold, up to date, to the number of 984 copies. That many orders have been filled direct from the MIRROR

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offices up to the time of going to press this week, and the book has not yet been placed in the hands of the trade. It is the first work of any literary importance ever originally printed and published in this city, and as a specimen of chastely artistic bookmaking it has been approved by the most distinguished bibliophiles in the country. The sonnets are destined to become a classic, and copies of the first edition will be held at high figures within the coming twelve months, or all the signs are wrong. Collectors of first editions of really excellent literary productions might do well to get in their orders before the depletion of the supply runs up the price, \$1.25.

She

IN view of the fact that so many people refuse to accept the opinions of the Supreme Court on the question whether the Constitution follows the Flag, and in view of the necessity of having the matter settled, why wouldn't it be a good idea to get a word on the subject from Mary Baker Eddy? "She Who Must Be Obeyed" is the only person in this broad land whose opinion "goes" with the vast majority.

The King Business

THE King of Italy is following the example of his brother of Germany, in saying sweet, soft things about the Socialists as being true friends of the State, for all their economic vagaries and anti-monarchical tendencies. The chief business of a king these days is to jolly along the discontented and disaffected among his people. In the language of Lord Salisbury, the greatest living cynic, "we are all Socialists now," but the soft speech of the King of Italy will not turn away the wrath of the friends of Brescia. "The king business is played out." There's no fun being a king if one has to get down and crawl to the carbonari, or if one is apt to be hit in the face with a missile every time one rides out in state. The only logical kings and emperors are men like Sardanapalus, Helogabalus, Caligula, Tiberius, Nero, Louis XI.—men who hold themselves superior to all law but their own wills and passions. There's nothing in "divine right" if one has to cringe to the people. The King of Italy in soft-soaping the Socialists is making the ground upon which he stands too slippery for kingship. And all his glory goes when he begins thus to work for his living.

Teddy's Silence

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is erratic. He hasn't said a word about either the third term matter or the Supreme Court decision. The Colonel's attitude must cause great grief to those who do not like him. It's an attitude however, that will make it very difficult for the Republicans to nominate another than himself four years from now. There is no Roosevelt boom in the organs of the bosses, but there's a mighty warm spot in the hearts of the people for the gallant Theodore.

Let Us Have Some Free Streets

As the Transit Company of this city seems to be privileged to discontinue street-car routes at will, to change the course of this, that or the other of the old systems, the MIRROR again asks why the managers of that corporation cannot do the handsome thing by the citizens and agree to leave two or three thoroughfares running North and South and East and West free of tracks and cars, so that people may have a chance to ride or drive about town in buggies, carriages or traps, to say nothing of the advantage it would be to have some down town streets free for the use of the teamsters for the great stores and factories. There should be at least two straightaway, or as near straightaway as possible, drives through the city in the directions named and there should be a drive along the city's semi-circular western boundary, to say nothing of the charm it would add to the city to have a driveway along the river front connecting with each end of the semi-circular driveway along the western boundary. These latter will come in time, but the other drives can be given us now. The Transit Company monopolizes all the streets, even those in which, for a few blocks, it has no tracks. It need fear no competitor's

taking any street it abandons. It would lose no fares by giving up a few streets. On the other hand, it would make some friends—and it needs them. Such an act would lead the public to think that the corporation has some friendly feeling for the town and its people and has a little civic pride over and above dividends. A few driveways would help out the beautiful St. Louis idea. They would be a great accommodation to lovers of horseflesh. They would help the business of carriage-dealers, harness-makers, liverymen, automobile-makers, the languishing bicycle trade and the owners of vehicles generally. It seems to the MIRROR that the need of so many street car tracks as St. Louis now has is not great. The public finds there are too many for the safety of life. The company seems to be finding that the multiplicity of routes divides the revenue by the extra expense of operating systems originally designed to compete with one another. The company can save expense and not lose a fare by giving up a number of streets, and it can, at the same time, please a large element of the people. It would be a good and graceful thing for the Transit Company management, the Street Commissioner and other members of the Board of Public Improvements to get together some day in Mayor Wells' office and figure this out to a nicety, arrange to tear up about fifty miles or so of unnecessary track and give the city the needed thoroughfares for riding, driving, bicycling and automobiling. That would be a step in the direction of beautiful St. Louis. It can be done. It would be worth millions to the city and it would be of worth incalculable to the Transit company in winning this community's good will.

Bad Good News

THE wheat crop is to be a bumper this year, according to official estimates, and the great statesmen of one of the great parties receive the news with an expression of countenance that could not be more rueful if they had been told their grandmothers were dead. Funny, that good news should be bad news to some people, but so it is in a world that goes its gait regardless of the interest of the individual.

Dickery Dockery

HIS Winkship, Dickery Dockery, Governor of Missouri, has coined a phrase of sublime machine morality. He says he is "a platform Democrat." Whatever the platform says, he's for it, right or wrong. He'll support the dictum 2x2=5, if the platform says so. He'll crawl on his belly to the advocate of any doctrine that may be temporarily on top. He'll lick the boots of any boss, shout with any mob or every mob. He's for Christ or for Barabbas, according as the wind blows. He'll indorse anything, grovel to anyone, eat dirt, anything to hold an office. His mind is for sale to anyone who can help him. Principles? Good Lord, Dockery is for the platform. He will kiss to-morrow what he spat upon to-day, if the platform says so, or vice versa. Dockery the dickery is for any old thing, or every old thing that is temporarily popular. He's ready to vomit when the machine takes an emetic, but unlike the dog that returns to his own vomit, Dickery Dockery prefers to wait to see whether the other canines are not going some other way. A platform Democrat! It's a title of characterlessness, consciencelessness, cowardice. A platform Democrat! It's the designation of a dullard in thought and a eunuch of morals. A platform Democrat! It means he's equally willing to follow Tweed or Tilden, Croker or Bland—that he is a parasite as to intellect, and a pauper as to principle. And, cap-sheaf of it all, His Winkship thinks it all the highest wisdom. Dickery Dockery indeed—a man with a soul, like Tomlinson's of Berkley Square, too small to sin on its own account, too sneaky and too slim to damn!

The Platform's The Thing

WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN suggests Supreme Justice Harlan as a Democratic Presidential candidate. But Justice Harlan couldn't very well run on a platform that would re-

pudiate the decision in the Porto Rico cases, even if he was in dissent from the majority in those cases. Still, Mr. Cockran's is the only suggestion thus far made that has any dignity about it. It gives a semblance of respectability to the general "agin the government," anti-everything sentiment that seems to dominate the Democracy. One imagines, too, that Justice Harlan would like to see the platform before accepting a nomination upon it. With the right sort of platform there will be no scarcity of Democratic candidates

Nature's Great Gasp

YESTERDAY, (Wednesday) afternoon, while writing a masterpiece, my electric fan stopped whirring on my desk. A pouter pigeon fluttered in at the window that admits the light that flashes upon my literary gems as I reel them off. A picture of Omar Khayyam fell from the wall and shattered its glass covering on my ink bottle. The typewriter girl sneezed three times, then looked at the floor, grabbed at a streak of yellow there, darted into the composing room, shrieked "it's a sign", and fainted away, her limp form hanging over the insensate proof press, her hair dabbled in the ink. My suspenders snapped and a button flew off as I was reaching for an adjective to apply to some loathsome contemporary. A man I knew to be a book agent by profession came in, talked affably for nine minutes, didn't say book once, asked me to go out and have a drink, compromised with me by giving me one of those cigars you get for knocking over a nigger baby with a base-ball bat at a summer garden, and departed. An ice cream wagon was bumped and overturned on the street in front of the MIRROR office by a street car, and the police had to be called out to keep the girls in the "phalanstery." A postman at 3:30 p.m. brought me a letter in which a man, with whom I had been at a late supper last week, sent me a cheque for the ten dollars I had borrowed on that occasion from him, saying that he had just discovered the memorandum on his cuff, and that he regretted the delay. Such a series of events set me to wondering what disturbing element was thus tosy-turveying the day and making it blossom with omens. Surely this was a day of import. The order of things was dislocated. Some mighty influence was at work trying to rouse me to cognition of immane imports under the sun. "What day is this?" I cried to the Keeper of the Scrolls, and the Keeper of the Scrolls took them down and pored them closely. At last the Keeper of the Scrolls cried joyfully: "No wonder. This is the birthday of Elbert Hubbard, alias Fra Elbertus, alias the Pastor of His Flock, alias the Roycroft, alias the Joss of East Aurora." And then I knew that it was a day of days. I felt that the earth was gladdening itself in memory and that all Nature felt a happy silliness of soul and the portents were due to the disarrangement consequent upon the great gladness. I closed my desk and sat back and wooed quiet, thinking of the Ineffable One, and a great balmy calm stole over me and I felt his spirit reaching out to me. Unseen wings rustled. Viewless harps were playing. Roses of yesterdays long dead sent back their lost perfume. And then—the Western Union Messenger Boy bolted in upon my dream. I tore open his missive. Thus I read:

EAST AURORA, June 19, 1900.

To the Editor of The Mirror.

St. Louis, Mo.,

Hubbard had his hair cut at 2:15 p. m. Nature shrieked as each lock fell. Streets flowing with tears. Reported from Buffalo Niagara falling upward.

Saint Jerome.

I never knew before that I was a sensitive, but I am. It hurts me to think that Hubbard should cut his hair. It hurt me more, though, to have forgotten his birthday. He is a very great man, is Fra Elbertus. The planet feels his his every thought-wave, heart-throb, soul-pang. All the Children of Light, who may not have explained to themselves as yet their "all gone feeling" at about 3.30 p. m., Wednesday, will now know the reason. It was the Universal's sympathetic pause over an act that had eternal

significance. It was Nature's awe, working in them all, over the Pastor's sacrifice of his mane upon his natal day.

Uncle Fuller.

POISON.

I N a lantern-dusky bower,
To forget a vacant hour,

Grotesque beings arm in arm
Celebrate narcotic charm.

Tircis calls: "Come now, a jest!
Tell what poison you like best"

Whereat with shrill, laughing cries
They flash forth their quick replies.

Ninon shouts with pretty glee:
"Wine is bad enough for me,"

Damis sighs: "There's no wine yet
Worth a dreamy cigarette."

"Bah!" screams Toto, scarlet minx,
"I adore these wierd mixed drinks."

Croque-mort, with a grimace queer,
Speaks devotion to bock-beer.

"Me," the Duchess slily prates,
"Consommé intoxicates."

"Eh—well—"leers the Abbe—"We
Make a vice of drinking tea."

Chloris vows: "The best delights
Come with strange drug-vapored nights."

Aminta murmurs: "I desire
Naught but absinthe's pale green fire."

Then cries all the mincing crew:
"Scaramonche! What say you?"

But their laughter's suddenly
Shaken through with fear when he

Says, with visage wanly droll:
"Friends, my poison is my soul."

April 19, 1901.

Wilbur Underwood.

LET HER GO GALLAGHER!

CATAclysmic CONTINGENCIES THAT DON'T WORRY US.

IT is a strange thing that, while humanity is always prepared to look for changes in the tide of business, panics and reverses, it very seldom takes any heed of the possibilities of astral disturbances or collisions, which may at any time smash our little planet into splinters, and nullify the provisions of the most strongly-drawn, iron-clad mortgage. Once in a while, we read of the discovery of a new planet, comet or sun, of predictions by astronomical authorities of an approaching astral cataclysm, of the gradual lowering of the sun's heat and light, etc., etc., but we are invariably disposed to smile incredulously at matters of this kind, and to go on plying our customary vocations with serene confidence that nothing is going to happen. "What is the use," so we often hear it asserted, "of bothering about things that may or will never happen? We have cares enough, without worrying our brain about the potentialities of a naughty comet that is running amuck and looking for trouble."

Yet, the other day, the staid, philosophical London *Spectator* propounded the question: "Why is it that so little attention is given, by the business world, to such a stupendous phenomenon, for instance, as the appearance of a new astral body?" The price of British consols is impervious to reports of all astronomical discoveries, and bulls and bears on the stock exchange would probably not lose

any interest in price movements, and proceed in the more or less even tenor of their way, even if it was announced, on unimpeachable authority, that some vast planet was traveling in our direction, and must inevitably, within fifty years, wipe us and our good, old earth out of existence.

There is, we are told, something wonderful in the fact that business and financial circles are absolutely apathetic towards the immense natural forces which are in play all around us. Nothing is more certain than that the gradual cooling of the sun, and the gradual slowing down of the earth's motion upon its own axis, must in time produce a state of things fatal to the further existence of life in any form on this planet. While the end is very far distant, according to the basis of human calculation, yet it is absolutely certain to arrive. The matter is, perhaps, not one in which the present generation is very much concerned, although leading business men have, in many cases, displayed an almost unreasonable anxiety to provide for their posterity. To such an extent, indeed, have they carried this craze, that, in the case of the famous Peter Thellusson, a special act of Parliament was needed to get rid of the intricate provisions made for the far distant descendants of the testator, which act is still in force.

It may be, of course, that the business world is more embarrassed by the approach of nearer events than the gradual cooling of the earth,—such, for instance, as that state of things predicted by no less an authority than Darwin, which will arrive in less than one thousand years at the present rate of increase in population, and leave mankind literally without standing room on the globe. A more recent calculation than Darwin's has it that in one thousand years from date four persons will have to be accommodated within every square yard of the land surface of the earth, a state of things which would conduce neither to comfort nor the rapid dispatch of business.

A slight relaxation in the speed with which the earth revolves round the sun would involve its immediate absorption into its former source of light and heat. Such a contingency is not at all probable, judging by the opinions of competent authorities, but it seems to have been completely overlooked, or studiously ignored, when the 3½ per cent bonds of the New York Central Railroad Company were made payable on May 1st, 1997. There is no provision in the bonds making payment subject to the existence of the earth at date of maturity. It is surprising that the purchasers of the bonds allowed themselves to be duped in such a flagrant manner. In fact, the recklessness with which undertakings are entered into for the repayment of various sums at dates to which the history of our planet may never arrive is unjustifiable in prudent business men and should not be tolerated. Such carelessness and want of business foresight is characteristic of callous railroad magnates and corporations, "which have neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned," as well as of persons who have their eyes fully opened to all the possibilities of the situation and the future. It is not so long ago that a gentleman, while announcing in a newspaper that the end of the world would infallibly arrive in 1901, was engaged in placing debenture bonds, secured on that newspaper, with a promise of repayment in 1904.

But, after all, the carelessness with which the business world regards the play of the stupendous natural forces all around us is, probably, based upon a very good appreciation of its own helplessness in the matter. If there is some astral body traveling in the direction of our planet, and certain to crush us out of existence fifty years hence, it is not very evident why there should be any drop in the price of United States bonds or British consols. The interest on the bonds will be regularly paid until the near approach of the said body makes things so hot for us that cheques curl up, and gold is impossible to handle. When that time arrives, the punctual payment of interest or the fate of the next coupon on New York Central bonds will have ceased to interest us. Even Northern Pacific common stock at \$1,000 or at \$10,000 would not rouse us under the painful environment of days like that. Some of those unlucky bears who were caught "short" on Northern Pacific on the

9th ult., and had to settle at from 500 to 1,000, would not, probably, have cared much if the planet Mars had taken a notion to drop in on us very suddenly, on that day, and spoiled the ingeniously-laid plans of Keene and his clique.

This "blindness to the future," of which Pope sings in such fervent, thankful style, is undoubtedly one of the chief sources of the happiness of mankind. If we could peep behind the veil hiding the future from our eyes, we would, perhaps, shrink back with terror and fright, and lose all interest in our existence. It is the unknown that cheers us and mitigates our sufferings and disappointments.

Francis A. Huter.

FOR A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

HOW CHICAGO GOES ABOUT THE WORK.

ST. LOUIS' new President of the Board of Public Improvements has issued an address to the people in favor of a new and clean St. Louis, pointing out that while his department in its various branches may do much in a public way, the real way to have a beautiful city is for all the citizens to work together to that end. The able President of the B. P. I. is backed up by the Mayor, by the Health Commissioner, by the Police Department, and ere long we may hope to see the Fire Department enlisted for the work in some manner. One or two local organizations have taken the cue from the new administration, notably the public-spirited Cabanne Club, and have begun in a modest way to render their share of work to the cause. In furtherance of the movement which the MIRROR has long advocated nothing could be better than the dissemination of information as to the manner in which a similar work has been undertaken elsewhere.

In Chicago the children have been enlisted in the cause. The Clean City Club has gotten down to practical work, and all St. Louisans will read with interest the appended account of its doings, taken from a recent issue of the *Chicago American*:

The Clean City Club, which was organized by Miss Gertrude Howe, the head of the kindergarten and club work at Hull House, Chicago, and a clever young woman who knows over 700 children by name, has a fine record for work already accomplished, although it is not yet quite eight weeks old. It has a membership of 300, and every one of these members is under pledge to pick up and destroy or otherwise take care of at least one bit of waste paper every day. Since 150,000 pieces of paper were picked up and destroyed during the first month of the club's existence, it will be seen that the club members—these numbering only 120—are more than fulfilling their pledge.

Two y-two street blocks are being cared for by the Clean City Club members, with a sub-committee and chairman for every one of them. It is the duty of the sub-committee chairman to see that the work in his or her block is properly accomplished and to report delinquents and flagrant cases of neighborhood untidiness to the club president, Miss Howe.

The club members are of all ages, almost, under 15 and over the kindergarten age. The kindergarteners will be enlisted under the club banner very shortly, when both the club lists and the work will be very much strengthened. Tony Peroni, the little girl who distinguished herself by picking up and burning over 1,000 pieces of waste paper during the first week of her club membership, was 9 years old her last birthday. Tony was unanimously made queen of the Maypole dance and festival which the children of the Hull House Play Room club enjoyed recently, as a striking honor paid to her superior skill and efficiency as a Clean City Club member. Alex Behr, the 15-year-old secretary of the club, has also distinguished himself by conspicuous service.

The papers, when picked up, are either disposed of in the nearest garbage box or burned. Street receptacles for waste papers are sorely needed in the Hull House neighborhood, many of the children being puzzled as to what to do with the large quantities of paper gathered.

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Bonfires on Polk street have been greatly enjoyed by the children, several evenings, but these fires are not advisable. The suggestion, made by one of the child members of the club, to build a house or shed for the storing of the paper in the Hull House yard is now being seriously considered. The waste paper might then be sold after a sufficient quantity had accumulated, and thus become a source of revenue. The suggestion has been made, also, that any money thus obtained be turned over to the support of Hull House. As the club is not yet upon a thoroughly satisfactory financial basis these suggestions would seem particularly reasonable and timely. Miss Jane Addams is the club treasurer, but her duties up to the present time have been limited to the loaning of sufficient money to purchase the first lot of club badges. The first 100 children received into the club were provided with these badges. Now the badges are sold for three cents each to club members, and for five cents each to outside friends and sympathizers.

No better neighborhood could possibly have been selected as a place in which to make the paper-picking-up experiments than the neighborhood in which Hull House stands. Every day and all day long careless people throw papers and debris of almost every kind into the street. Yet at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, half an hour after the Clean City Club members get out of school, scarce a paper can be seen. The Hull House door-bell rings continually, after that time, in answer to the eager pulling of club members who have gathered up papers which they wish the Hull House residents to burn or otherwise dispose of.

The Clean City Club, as a matter of fact, grew out of the necessity of enlisting this protective impulse of the children in behalf of the improving neighborhood work being carried on this spring. The Hull House residents and the Municipal Art League banded together some time ago and decided to make of that block of Ewing street which connects Blue Island avenue and Halsted street a model street block, so far as possible.

A firm of nurserymen in Ohio donated twenty-four street trees, with a number of Lombardy poplars for yard uses, and to keep company the solitary old tree which has stood guard so long in an otherwise treeless street. From a Chicago firm a number of shrubs and small bushes were purchased, a lot of barberry bushes among them. From another firm, growing plants and vines for the window-boxes made for each house in the block were secured. Spirea and hardy hydrangeas will help to decorate the front gardens—where every householder, seemingly, makes some attempt at landscape gardening, no matter how small the space at his disposal. Three hundred and fifty geraniums and five hundred petunias have been added to the collection.

For some of these flowers the people receiving them are to pay something, but those who cannot pay have flowers just the same. The effort to have a regular line of window boxes extending down the street, at about the same height from the ground, was reluctantly abandoned as impossible of successful accomplishment, but every building in the block, from the Ewing Street church to the tiniest cottage, has two or three gay window boxes and a bit of garden in the front yard.

The plan of the street and window-box scheme was laid out by a Boston landscape-gardener who did magnificent work at the Chicago World's fair in 1893. The trees were also planted by competent workmen. The vines and flowers were given out nearly two weeks ago, and not a single leaf or tendril has suffered injury as yet. In order to render such a condition possible it was some time ago decided by the Hull House authorities to enlist and organize all the neighborhood children into a protective society. Out of the early and initial movements toward this end came the existence and growth of the Clean City Club.

The club membership was largely recruited, in the first place, from the membership lists of the Hull House play room and other clubs of which Miss Howe is president and has charge.

The club sessions of the Clean City club are decidedly

interesting. At every meeting Miss Howe, as club president, calls the children to order. Then reports are made by each child and sub-committee chairman as to the amount of work accomplished, the number of paper pieces picked up since the last meeting. The work of any club member who has done unusually well or unusually little is then discussed, with the reasons for the exceptional character of this work.

BLACKIE'S LITANY.

A GEM DESTINED TO IMMORTALITY.

WEEK before last the MIRROR printed some selections from the day-book of the late John Stuart Blackie, the Scotch educator, philosopher and genial cynic. There have been so many requests for the Litany that the editor is glad to reproduce the prayer more fully. The production is a remarkable exposition of contemporaneous Scotch religious character, of a deep humor, of a fine critical sense and of a broad charity. It is a gem to file away in one's scrap-book. It is destined to immortality, if anything of the last decade be so destined. You'll find in it something of Carlyle, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Jowett, Bagehot. Within a decade it will be the most widely quoted of all modern philosophies.

1. From denying the God who created me, from cursing the Christ that died for me, and from flouting the Holy Spirit that breathes upon me,

Good Lord, deliver me.

2. From the conceit of knowledge that knows no reverence, from the envious egotism that knows no love, and from the fear of man that lames all manhood,

Good Lord, deliver me.

3. From the presumption of orthodox theology to define God in scholastic terms, from the degrading superstition that worships God with blind ends and the negative self,

Good Lord, deliver me.

4. From beggars for my clients, from fools for my worshipers, and from sluts for my servants,

Good Lord, deliver me.

5. From the impertinence of youthful critics, from the vanity of small poets, and from the unreasoned giggle of silly young ladies,

Good Lord, deliver me.

6. From the barren subtlety of lawyers, from the shiftiness of politicians, and from the blind restlessness or calculated selfishness of commercial speculators,

Good Lord, deliver me.

7. From a man that simpers sweetly, from a woman that laughs loudly, and from a young woman ambitious to play the man,

Good Lord, deliver me.

8. From a scholar who smells of books, from a sportsman who smells of horses, and a mother who smells of babies,

Good Lord, deliver me.

9. From genius without sense, from talent without love and from creeds without humanity,

Good Lord, deliver me.

10. From a spinner of fine phrases, a spinner of senseless rhymes, and a woman who paints,

Good Lord, deliver me.

11. From eyes that see only what they wish to see, from fingers that itch to put the buttons into other people's buttonholes, and from feet that love to tramp on other people's toes,

Good Lord, deliver me.

12. From wits that deluge the table with puns, from square pates that can not understand a joke, and from sour souls that will not admit them,

Good Lord, deliver me.

13. From the three infallibles, the Roman pope, the editor of a party newspaper, and a woman when she is in the wrong,

Good Lord, deliver me.

14. From a man that refrains from talking in order to appear wise, from a man that talks much in order to display his wisdom, and from a man who talks fluently without any wisdom to display,

Good Lord, deliver me.

15. From a big man with a brain as soft as butter, from a little man with a tongue like a mill-clapper, and from a woman who talks of connotations and syllogisms,

Good Lord, deliver me.

16. From a man without brains, from a woman without religion, and from a poet without sense,

Good Lord, deliver me.

17. From a fair face with an unmeaning smile, from the lips that curl into scorn, and from knowing looks in a smart young man,

Good Lord, deliver me.

18. From three tyrants, from custom that murders conscience, from fashion that strangles nature, and from priests that steal Jove's thunder,

Good Lord, deliver me.

19. From three affectations, the affectation of learning, which we call pedantry, the affectation of gentility, which we call vulgarity, and the affectation of religion, which we call hypocrisy,

Good Lord, deliver me.

20. From three kinds of weather, from a Scotch spring that smells like winter, from an Egyptian summer that glows like a furnace, and from a rainy day in Skye,

Good Lord, deliver me.

21. From three kinds of wives, from an extravagant, showy, equestrian wife that ruins her husband by milliners' and drapers' bills; from an ambitious wife that makes her husband ridiculous by pushing him into situations for which he is not fitted, and from a fond and motherly wife who is forward to nurse and prescribe for her husband like a sick baby,

Good Lord, deliver me.

22. From an idle son that hangs on his mother's skirts, from a dashing daughter who marries a penniless fool, and from an old family servant who controls my life,

Good Lord, deliver me.

23. From a Highlander who is fluent on Celtic etymology, from a young metaphysician, fresh from Germany, expounding Hegel's philosophy, and from a Scotchman who draws his theology direct from the Shorter Catechism,

Good Lord, deliver me.

24. From a Tory without sense, a Liberal without sentiment, and a Radical without reverence,

Good Lord, deliver me.

25. From three great baits of the devil, pleasure, which sacrifices permanent enjoyment for the lust of the moment; money, which measures a man not by what he is, but by what he has; and from power, which dethrones love and enthrones selfishness as the bond of social unity,

Good Lord, deliver me.

26. From an idle woman who fills up the emptiness of her life by fussing about other people, a vain woman whose grand business in life is to parade her charms, and from a nervous woman who creates real sorrows by contemplating imaginary dangers,

Good Lord, deliver me.

27. From the black devil, if there be one; from blue devils, of whom there are many; and from the

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THE IMITATOR.

A NOVEL.

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CHAPTER X.

ABOUT the time that Wentworth was scrawling his note in Vane's rooms a slender young woman, dressed in a grey that shimmered like the winter-sea in sunlight, wearing a hat that had the air of having lit upon her hair for the moment only,—merely to give the world an instant's glance at the gracious combination woman's beauty and man's millinery could effect—was coming out from one of those huge bazaars where you can buy almost everything in the world except the things you want. As she reached the doors, a young man, entering, brushed her arm; his sleeve caught her portemonnaie: He stooped for it, offered it hastily, and then—and not until then, gave a little "Oh" of—what was it, joy? or mere wonder, or both?

"Oh," he repeated, "I can't go in—now. It's—it's ages since I could say two words to you. 'Good-morning' and 'How do you do?' has been the limit of our talk. Besides, you have a parcel. It weighs, at the very least, an ounce. I could never think of letting you tire yourself so." He took the flimsy mite from her, and ranged his steps to hers.

It was true, what he had said about their brief encounters. Do what she would to forget that morning in the Park, and the weeks before it, Jeannette Vanlief had not quite succeeded. Not even the calm dissertations of her father, the arguments pointing to the unfathomable freakishness of human nature, had altogether ousted her aversion to Orson Vane. It was an aversion made the more keen because it came on the heels of a strong liking. She had been prepared to like this young man. Something about him had drawn her; and then had come the something that had simply flung her away. Yet, to-day, he seemed to be the Orson Vane that she had been prepared to like.

She remembered some of the strange things her father had been talking about. She noted, as Orson spoke, that the false tenor note was gone out of his voice. Yet she was still a little fluttered; she could not quite trust herself, or him.

"But I am only going to the car," she declared. "It will hardly be worth while. I mustn't take you out of your way."

"I see," he regretted, "you've not forgotten. I can't explain; I was—I think I was a little mad. Perhaps it is in the family. But—I wish you would imagine, for to-day, that we had only just known each other a very little while, that we had been in that little bookshop only a day or so ago, that you had read the book, and we had met again, and —." He was looking at her with a glow in his eyes, a tenderness—! Her eyes met his for only an instant, but they fathomed, in that instant, that there was only homage, and worship, and—and something that she dared not spell, even to her soul—in them. That burning greed that she had seen in the Park was not there.

She smiled, wistfully, hesitatingly. Yet it was enough for him to cling to; it buoyed his mood to higher courage.

"Let us pretend," he went on, "that there are no s'reet-cars in the town. Let us be primitive; let us play we are going to take a peep-show from the top of the Avenue stage! Oh—please! It gets you just as near, you know; and if you like we can go on, and on, and do it all over again. Think of the tops of the hats and bonnets one sees from the roof! It's such a delightful picture of the avenue; you see all the little marionettes going like beads along the string. And then, think of the danger of the climb to the roof! It is like the Alps. You never know, until you are there, whether you will arrive in one piece or in several. Come," he laughed, for she was now really smiling, openly, sweetly, "let us be good children, come in from Westchester County, to see the big city."

"Perhaps," she ventured, "we will make it the fashion. And that would spoil it for so many of the plainer people."

devil that took King David, in the shape of another man's wife,

Good Lord, deliver me.

28. From a fair woman when she weeps, and from a false woman when she smiles, and from a clever woman when she talks,

Good Lord, deliver me.

29. From prejudice that blinds the truth, from sophistry that juggles with truth, and from factions that poison truth,

Good Lord, deliver me.

30. From the sensibility that shrinks from everything, from the stolidity that is pleased with anything, and from the apathy that is touched by nothing,

Good Lord, deliver me.

31. From the easy charity that covers all faults, from the hasty hatred that magnifies all faults, and from the intellectual despotism that bears down all contradictions,

Good Lord, deliver me.

DIGHTON IS ENGAGED.

DIGHTON is engaged! Think of it and tremble! Two-and-twenty ladies who have known him must dissemble;

Two-and-twenty ladies in a panic must repeat:

"Dighton is a gentleman; will Dighton be discreet?"

All the merry maidens who have known him at his best

Wonder what the girl is like, and if he has confessed.

Dighton the philanderer, will he prove a slanderer?

A man gets confidential ere the honeymoon has fled.

Dighton was a rover then, Dighton lived in clover then;

Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Corinna?

Watch and see his fiancée smile on you at dinner!

Watch and hear his fiancée whisper, "That's the one?"

Try and raise a blush for what you said was "only fun."

Long have you been wedded; have you then forgot?

If you have I'll venture that a certain man has not!

Dighton had a way with him; did you ever play with him?

Now that dream is over, and the episode is dead.

Dighton never harried you after Charlie married you;

Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Bettina!

Did you ever love him when the sport was somewhat keener?

Did you ever kiss him as you sat upon the stairs?

Did you ever tell him of your former love affairs?

Think of it uneasily and wonder if his wife

Soon will know the amatory secrets of your life!

Dighton was impressible, you were quite accessible;

The bachelor who marries late is apt to lose his head;

Dighton wouldn't hurt you; does it disconcert you?

Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Miss Alice!

When he comes no longer will you bear the lady malice?

Now he comes to dinner, and he smokes cigars with Clint,

But he never makes a blunder and he never drops a hint;

He's a universal uncle, with a welcome everywhere—

He adopts his sweetheart's children, and he lets 'em pull his hair.

Dighton has a memory bright and sharp as emery,

He could tell them fairy stories that would make you rather red!

Dighton can be trusted, though; Dighton's readjusted, though!

Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Myrtilla!

Dighton has been known to be a dashing lady-killer!

Dighton has been known to flirt with Kitty, Lou and Nell,

These and many others, if the man would only tell!

Every girl who loves a man tells him all she knows;

When a man's a Benedict all discretion goes!

Dighton's wife will chatter so! Does it really matter so?

Everybody's bound to know what everybody's said!

Dighton thinks his mystery contravenes all history!

Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Gelett Burgess, in the Smart Set for July.

"Oh," and he waved his hand, "a'ter us—the daily papers! Let us pretend—I beg your pardon, let me pretend—youth, and high spirits, and the intention to enjoy to-day."

A rattling and a scraping on the asphalt warned them of an approaching stage, and after a scramble, that had its shy pleasures for both, they found themselves on the top of the old relic.

"It is a bit of the Middle Ages," said Orson, "look at those horses! Aren't they delightfully slender? And the paint! Do you notice the paint? And the stories those plush seats down below us could tell! Think of the misers and the millionaires, the dowagers and the drabs, that have let these old stages bump them over Murray Hill! You can't have that feeling about a street-car, not one of the electric ones, at any rate. Do you know the story of the New Yorker who was trying to sleep in a first-class compartment on a French railway? There was a collision, and he was pitched ten feet onto a coal-heap. He said he thought he was at home and he was getting off the stage at Forty-Second street."

They were passing through the most frequented part of the avenue. Noted singers and famous players passed them; old beaux and fresh belles; political notabilities and kings of corruption. A famous leader of cotillions, a beauty whose profile vied with her Boston terriers for being her chief distinction, and a noted polo-player came upon the scene and vanished again. Vane and his companion gave, from time to time, little nods to right and left. Their friends stared at them a little, but that caused them no sorrow. Automobiles rushed by. They looked down upon them, lofty in their ruined tower.

"As a show," said Vane, "it is admirably arranged. It moves with a beautiful precision. There is nothing hurried about it; the illusion of life is nearly complete. Some of them, I suppose, really are alive?"

"I am not sure," she answered, gravely. "Sometimes I think they merely move because there is a button being pressed somewhere; a button we cannot see, and that they spend their lives hiding from us."

"I dare say you are right. In the words of Fay Templeton, 'I've been there and I know.' I have made my little detours: but the lane had, thank fortune, a turning."

She saw through his playfulness, and her eyes went up to his in a sympathy—oh, it made him reel for sweetness.

"I am glad," she said, simply.

"But we are getting serious again," he remonstrated, "that would never do. Have we not sworn to be children? Let us pretend—let us pretend!" He looked at the grey roofs, the spires oozing from the hill to the sky. He looked at the grey dream beside him: so grey, so fair, so crowned with the hue of the sun before the world had made him so brazen.

"Let us pretend," he went on, after a sigh, "that we are bound for the open road, and that we are to come to an inn, and that we will order something to eat. 'We—'"

"Oh," she laughed, "you men, you men! Always something to eat!"

"You see, we are of coarse stuff; we cannot sup on stardust, and dine on bubbles. But—this is only to pretend! An imaginary meal is sometimes so much more fun than a real one. At a real one, you see, I would have to try to eat, and I could not spend the whole time looking at you, and watching the sunshine on your hair, and the lilies—" He caught his breath sharply, with a little clicking noise. "Dear God," he whispered, "the lilies again! And I had never seen them until now."

"You are going to be absurd," she said, though her voice was hardly a rebuke.

"And wouldn't I have excuse," he asked, "for all the absurdities in the world! I want to be as absurd as I can; I want to think that there's nothing in the world any uglier than—you."

"And will you dine off that thought?"

"Oh, no; that is merely one of the condiments. I keep that in reach, while the other things come and go. I tell you; how would it be if we began with a bisque of crab? The tenderest pink, you know, and not the ghost of any

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spice that you can distinguish; a beautiful, creamy blend."

"You make it sound delicious," she admitted.

"We take it slowly, you know, religiously. The conversation is mostly with the eyes. Dinner conversation is so often just as vapid as dinner-music! The only point in favor of dinner-music is that we are usually spared the sight of it. There is no truth more abused than the one that music must be heard and not seen. When I am king I mean to forbid any singing or playing of instruments within sight of the public; it spoils all the pleasure of the music when one sees the ugliness in its execution."

"But people would not thank you if you kept the sight of Paderewski or De Pachmann from them."

"They might not thank me at first, but they would learn gratitude in the end. A contortionist is quite as oppressive a sight as an automaton. No; I repeat, performers of music should never, never be visible. It is a blow in the face of the art of music; it puts it on the plane of the theatre. What persons of culture want to do is to listen, to listen, to listen; to shut the eyes, and weave fancies about the strains as they come from an unseen corner. Is there not always a subtle charm about music floating over a distance? That is a case in point; that same charm should always be preserved. The pianist, the soloist of any sort, as well as the orchestra, or the band—except in the case of the regimental band, in battle or in review, where actual spectacle, and visible encouragement are the intention—should never be seen. There should always be a screen, a curtain, between us and the players. It would make the trick of music criticism harder, but it would still leave us the real judges. Take out of music criticism the part that covers fingering, throat manipulation, pedaling, and the like, and what have you left? These fellows judge what they see more than what they hear. To give a proper judgment of the music that comes from the unseen; that is the only test of criticism. There can be no tricks, no paddings."

"But the opera?" wondered the girl.

"The opera? Oh, the opera is, at best, a contradiction in terms. But I do not waive my theory for the sake of opera. It should be seen as little as any other form of music. The audience, supplied with the story of the dramatic action, should follow the incidents by ear, not by eye. That would be the true test of dramatic writing in music. We would, moreover, be spared the absurdity of watching singers with beautiful voices make themselves ridiculous by clumsy actions. As to comic opera—the music's appeal would suffer no tarnish from the merely physical fascination of the star or the chorus. . . I know the thought is radical; it seems impossible to imagine a piano recital without long hair, electric fingers, or visible melancholia; opera with only the box-holders as appeals to the eye seems too good to be true; but—I assure you it would emancipate music from all that now makes it the most vicious of the arts. Painters do not expect us to watch them painting, nor does the average breed of authors—I except the Manx—like to be seen writing. Ye the musician—take away the visible part of his art, and he is shorn of his self-esteem. I assure you I admire actors much more than musicians; actors are frankly exponents of nothing that requires genius, while musicians pretend to have an art that is over and above the art of the composer. . . Music—"

"Do you realize," interrupted the girl, with a laugh that was melody itself, "that you are feasting me upon dinner-music without dinner. It must be ages since we began that imaginary feast. But now, I am quite sure we are at the black coffee. And I have been able to notice nothing except your ardor in debate. You were as eager as if you were being contradicted."

"You see," he said, "it only proves my point. Dinner-music is an abomination. It takes the taste of the food away. While I was playing, you admit, you tasted nothing between the soup and the coffee. Whereas, in point of fact—"

"Or fancy?"

"As you please. At any rate—the menu was really

something out of the common. There were some delightful wines. A sherry that the innkeeper had bought of a bankrupt nobleman; that would be his fable for the occasion, and we would believe it, because, in cases of that sort, it takes a very bad wine to make one pooh-pooh its pedigree. A Madeira that had been hidden in a cellar since 1812. We would believe that, every word of it, because we would know that there was really no Madeira in all the world; and we must choose between insulting our stomachs or our intelligence. And then the coffee. It would come in the tiniest, most transparent, most fragile—"

"Yes," she laughed, "I dare say. As transparent and as fragile as the entire fabric of our repast, I have no doubt. But—pity me, do!—I shall have to leave the beautiful banquet about where you have put it, in the air. I have a ticking conscience here that says—"

"Oh, hide it," he supplicated, "hide it. Watches are nothing but mechanisms that are jealous of happiness; whenever there is a happy hour a watch tries to end it. When I am King I shall prohibit the manufacture and sale of watches. The fact that they may be carried about so easily is one of their chief vices; one never knows nowadays from what corner a woman will not bring one; they carry them on their wrists, their parasols, their waists, their shoulders. Can you be so cruel as to let that little golden monster spoil me my hour of happiness—"

"But I would have to be cruel one way or the other. You see, my father will wonder what has become of me. He expects me to dinner."

"Ah, well," he admitted, soberly, if a little sadly, "we must not keep him waiting. You must tell the Professor where we have been, and what we said, and how silly I was, and—Heigho, I wish I could tell you how the little hour with you has buoyed me up. Your presence seems to stir my possibilities for good. I wish I could see you oftener. I feel like the provincial who says good-bye with a: 'May I come 'round this evening?' as a rider."

"A doubtful compliment, if I make you rustic," she said. "But I have something on this evening; an appointment with a man. The most beautiful man in the world, and the best, and the kindest—"

"His name?" he cried, with elaborate pretense of melodrama, for he saw that she was full of whimsies.

"Professor Vanlief," she curtsied.

They were walking, by now, in the shade of the afternoon sun. Van saw a stage approaching them, one that would take him back to the lower town. She saw it, too, and his intention. She shook hands with him, and took time to say, softly:

"Do you never ride in the Park any more?"

"Oh," he said, "tell me when. To-morrow morning? At McGowan's Pass? At ten? Oh, how I wish that stage was not coming so fast!"

In their confusion, and their joyful sense of having the same absurd thought in common, they both laughed at the notion of a Fifth Avenue stage ever being too fast. Yet this one, and Time, sped so swiftly that Vane could only shake hands hastily with his fair companion, look at her worshipfully, and jump upon the clattering vehicle.

He would never have believed that so ramshackle a conveyance could have harbored so many dreams as had been his that day.

That thought was his companion all the way home. That, and efforts to define his feelings toward Miss Vanlief. Was it love? What else could it be? And if it was, was he ready, for her, to give up those ambitions of still further sounding hitherto unexplored avenues of the human mind? Was this fragile bit of grace and glamour to come between him and the chance of opening a new field to science? Had he not the opportunity to become famous, or, at the very least, to become omnipotent in reading the hearts, the souls, of men? Were not the possibilities of the Professor's discovery unlimited? Was it not easy, by means of that mirror in his rooms, for any chief of police in the world to read the guilt or innocence of every accused man? Yet, on the other hand, would marriage interfere? Yes; it would. One could not serve two such goddesses as woman

and science. He would have to make up his mind, to decide.

But, in the meanwhile, there was plenty of time. Surely, for the present, he could be happy in the thought of the morrow, of the ride they were to take in the Park, of the cantering, the chattering together, the chance to see the morning wind spin the twists of gold about her cheeks and bring the sparkle to her eyes.

He let himself into his house without disturbing any of the servants. He passed into his room. He lifted the curtain of the doorway with one hand, and with the other turned the button that lighted the room. As the globes filled with light they showed him his image in the new mirror.

He reeled against the wall with the surprise of the thing. He noted the mirror's curtain in a heap at the foot of the frame. Perhaps, after all, it had been merely the wind.

He summoned Nevins. The curtain he replaced on the staring face of the mirror. Whence the thought came from, he did not know, but it occurred to him that the scene was like a scene from a novel.

"Nevins," he asked, "was anyone in my rooms?"

"Mr. Spalding-Wentworth, sir."

Orson Vane laughed,—a loud, gusty, trumpeting laugh.

He understood. But he understood, also, that the accident that had brought the soul of Spalding Wentworth into his keeping had decreed, also, that the dominance should not be, as on a former time, with the usurper.

He knew that the soul of Spalding-Wentworth, to which he gave the refuge of his own body, was a small soul.

Yet even little souls have their spheres of influence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A NOVELIST OF VAGABONDS.

A NEW RUSSIAN LITERARY GOD.

A BOOK has just come to me from Paris which has interested me profoundly. It is called "Les Vagabonds," and is translated from the Russian of Maxime Gorki. The translator, Ivan Strannik, has added an introduction, in which he tells us many things about the writer. There are four stories in the book, "Malva," "Kononov," "Tchelkache," and "Mon Compagnon;" they are all about Russian vagabonds, a vast section of the Russian people which has never yet found its way into novels. Gorki writes about what he knows, he describes to us the life he has lived, and it has seemed to me, in reading this book, as if I were learning something quite new about men and women.

Maxime Gorki was born at Nijni-Novgorod, in 1868 or 1869; he is not sure of the year of his birth. His parents were poor people, and they died when he was a boy, leaving him penniless. He apprenticed himself to a shoemaker, but, tiring of the trade, ran away, and worked with an engraver, then with a painter of icons, then with a cook, then with a gardener, then again with a cook, on board a steamboat. This cook was a reader of novels, and Gorki began to read Gogol and Dumas. He was taken, he tells us, with a "ferocious desire" to learn, and he left the steamboat and made his way to Kazan, thinking that a poor fellow could be taught for nothing. He found that it was not the custom, and he got work at a baker's, living on twelve roubles a month. When he could endure the bakery no longer he began to wander about, reading, learning all that he could, living with vagabonds, sometimes drinking, sometimes working, a sawyer, a coal-heaver, a gate-keeper, a street seller of apples or of kvass. He made the acquaintance of a lawyer, who helped him and lent him books; but he was soon wandering again, and it was in an obscure provincial paper that he published his first story, "Makar Tchoudra," a gypsy narrative in which he had not yet learnt to use his strange material simply. In 1893 he met Korolenko, the novelist, who interested himself in him, and helped him to publish one of the stories now translated, "Tchelkache." Its success was immediate, and since then Gorki has written about thirty short stories, which have been collected in three volumes, besides a novel, "Foma Gordeiev." He was beginning to publish another novel, "Le Moujik," but it is said that he has burnt the remainder of it, and disappeared, no one knows whither.



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“I was born,” he tells us in one of his stories, “outside society, and for that reason I cannot take in a strong dose of its culture without soon feeling forced to get outside it again, to wipe away the infinite complications, the sickly refinements, of that kind of existence. I like either to go about in the meanest streets of towns, because, though everything there is dirty, it is all simple and sincere, or else to wander about on the high-roads and across the fields, because that is always interesting, it refreshes one morally, and needs no more than a pair of good legs to carry one.” It is this feeling, the feeling which first made him a wanderer, that has made him a writer, and his stories are made directly out of the life which he has lived. In many of them he appears under his own name, telling the story as if it were something which had actually happened to him. Thus the scene of “Kononov” is the baker's shop at Kazan, the underground kitchen with its yeasty atmosphere, in which everything looked dim, and the window high up, through which could be seen “a little scrap of blue sky with two stars: one was large, and shone like an emerald; the other, quite near, was hardly visible.” His method is simple. In a few bold strokes he brings before us a corner of the country, a sea-beach, a quay, a shop, a street; then a man and a woman, two men, some simple incident, and the men and women go out as quietly as they had come in. But meanwhile a strange temperament has expressed itself, in a few words, some disconcerting action, a significant silence; and what we have felt is just what is deepest, most unconscious, in that nature, to which speech is so difficult, thought so painful, and action a kind of despairing start away from the logic of things. Along with this simple and profound human quality there is a power of rendering very subtle sensation, as in this sentence: “All about us reigned that aching quiet, from which one seems to be awaiting something, and which, if it lasted, would drive a man mad with its absolute peace, its utter absence of sound, the living shadow of motion.” In “Mon Compagnon” there is a long description of a boat in a storm, as

minute as Defoe, and with an imaginative quality of minuteness. When, in summer, the two vagabonds light a fire in the field, because a fire would look beautiful; when, in the midst of a thunderstorm on the steppe, one of the vagabonds begins to sing with all his might, and the other attacks him in a kind of savagery of terror; in the Meunier-like pictures of labor, as in the building of the embankment at Theodocia, there is something large, lyrical, as if the obscure forces of the earth half awakened and began to speak. In all this Gorki does but continue, in his own way, what other Russian novelists have done before him; he enters into the tradition, the youngest and most fruitful tradition in Europe. Other races, too long civilized, have accustomed themselves to the soul, to mystery, to whatever is the most surprising in life and death. Russia, with centuries of savagery behind it, still feels the earth about its roots, or the thirst in it of the primitive animal. It has lost none of its instinct, and it has just discovered the soul. And it is ceaselessly perturbed by that strange inner companion; it listens to a voice which is not the voice of the blood; it listens to both voices, saying contrary things; and it is astonished, melancholy, questioning. Other novelists tell us of society; tell us, that is, what we are when we are not ourselves. The Russian novelists show us the soul when it is alone with itself, unconscious or morbidly conscious, gay, uneasy, confident, suspicious, agonized with duty, a tyrannous slave or a devout and humble master.

Every Russian is born a philosopher; he reasons, as a child might reason, an ignorant, unhappy child, wondering why things are as they are. These vagabonds of Gorki are conscious that something is wrong, with the world or with them, and they cannot understand what. “I live, and I am bored,” says Kononov. “Why? I don't know at all. How shall I say it? There's a spark wanting in my soul. Something is wanting in me, that's all. Do you see? Well then, I seek, and I am bored, and it all comes to—I don't know what.” They pity themselves, with a kind of im-

personal pity, not accusing anyone. “We are by ourselves, we should be reckoned with by ourselves; because we are good for nothing in life, and we take up somebody else's place, and we get in other people's way. Whose fault is it? It is our fault against life. We haven't the joy of living, nor any feeling for ourselves. Our mothers gave birth to us in a bad hour, that's all!” There is only one good thing, liberty, the freedom at least to suffer in one's own way: “to walk to and fro on the earth this way and that; you walk, and you see new things, and then you don't think.” “When one thinks, one gets disgusted with living,” says Serejka; and all these people to whom life is never quite mechanical, because they are living outside the laws, and have the leisure to lie down and watch the sea moving, or the black earth secretly alive, are all afraid of thinking. They cannot help thinking, but it frightens them. “You,” says Vassili to Melva, “you don't know anything of these things; but sometimes I can't help thinking about life, and I am afraid. Especially at night, when I can't sleep.” They know so little, and all the problems of the universe come to them without the intervention of books, or beliefs, or any knowledge. They see themselves, as Vassili does, when he lies awake at night, “so small, so small, and it seems as if the earth moved under me, and there were nobody on the earth but me.” They move from place to place, like consumptive people, who think, if they could but be somewhere else, they would be quite well. But it is always somewhere else. All the roads of the world lead to six feet of earth, and all the way there has been a losing of the way.

To Gorki, the vagabond is the most interesting failure in the world, where everything must be a failure. He has affirmed his independence, he has been resolutely himself, he has had the energy to stand up against the inevitable, realizing at last his own courage, perhaps his own strength. Unlike most others, he knows that he has only himself to rely on in the world, and that it is only that self which matters.

Arthur Symonds.

SUMMER SHOWS.

"THE MIKADO" A LA TEMPLE.

At the Delmar this week the production of "The Mikado" is scenically as beautiful, as picturesquely costumed, as perfectly rehearsed, as the presentation at Music Hall during the Castle Square season.

Edward P. Temple is responsible for this unusual summer performance. Choristers and principals move about with the precision of automatons, the "business" has been carefully worked up to the smallest detail; in fact in every feature of the performance, the Temple methods are in evidence.

The cast could hardly be termed a specially selected one, though Helen Bertram is quite the most active and energetic Yum Yum seen here.

Blanche Chapman plays *Katisha* in just the right spirit. Agnes Paul is cute and pretty, as *Pitti Sing*, and Lillian Chors is accurate and conscientious as *Peep Bo*.

Frear makes a respectable showing as *Koko*. Harold Gordon's *Nanki-Poo* further demonstrates that he is one of the best light opera tenors of the day. *Mikado* Boyle and his nimble umbrella-bearer made the hit of the performance.

OUR DELLA.

Della Fox exceeded all expectations and broke records of several seasons, at Forest Park Highlands, by drawing an immense crowd Sunday night and filling the house ever since. It is gratifying to know that "the dainty Della" has such a hold upon her friends here, that they make a pilgrimage of vast proportions to Hopkins and Stuever's resort to show their good feeling toward her. Miss Fox had few competitors when she was at her best, and so far, she has been the greatest drawing card of the Summer, in St. Louis. One may feel that Della isn't the singer that she once was, and that some of her piquancies are slightly frayed at the edges, but she is an attractive individuality and there's no denying it. The Highlands has another good list of attractions, among which Duke and Harris rank high. It does not often fall to the lot of new-comers in vaudeville to obtain a return engagement to a stage with not more than a week's intermission. Roberts, Hayes and Roberts do a most ludicrous act which puts everybody in good humor, and the Stidolchs are likewise pantomimists and fun-makers of high degree.

THE SUBURBAN.

The high character of the entertainment which is being provided at the New Suburban, by the new management, this season, is winning the resort many new friends and retaining all the old, if the attendance which the park and theatre has had since the real hot weather descended upon us is any criterion. This has been especially true the present week, partly perhaps the real summer garden weather is in full blast, but not less so because of the entertainment provided. In the theatre the wonderful juggling feats of the Agoust family have surprised, pleased and amused some of the largest audiences ever gathered in the Suburban Park. The Agousts are entitled to the favorable comment which has been made upon their work, for, in addition to their remarkable exhibitions of dexterity, they present their act under the most pleasing conditions from a stage-setting stand-point, and also introduce a vein of comedy which carries off the dextrous work of their hands in a most attractive manner.

The family is now en route back to Europe and it is not likely that they will be seen in this country for some years, if ever again. They are just concluding a thirty weeks tour.

BERRI AND MOULAN.

Frank Moulan is making the *King Pomery* of one Thos. Q. Seabrooke a sickly memory this week. His performance of the ruler of "The Isle of Champagne" is quite as funny at The Cave as it was at Music Hall a few months ago.

Maud Lillian Berri wears a variety of costumes, sings dazzlingly and aids Moulan in several comic songs. The "Spider and the Fly" was very cleverly done by this talented pair and the manner in which the "Song of all Nations" was sung, compelled the comedian and the prima donna to stay on the stage ten minutes overtime to repeat it, in spite of the fact that it was nearly midnight when the final curtain was rung down.

Incidentally, young Moulan has "put on" this opera more elaborately, more gorgeously, than any opera has ever been staged at Mr. McNeary's summer theatre.

HANLEY AND OTHERS.

"The Three Guardsmen"—the good old version used by Salvini the younger—is being played by the Hanley-Ravold company at Koerner's. Hanley is the daring *D'Artagnan*, Ravold plays cleverly a character "bit." Lillian Kemble is an altogether excellent *Anne of Austria* and Elsie Esmond charming as *Constance*. E. L. Snader's *Richelieu* is worthy.

I want to say a word for the Transit Company. I have never seen better work in the handling of crowds than on last Sunday evening at the Highlands, Delmar and Koerner's. Messrs. Grant and Dupont had everything going like clock-work. They gave a splendid exhibition of having the most cars at the points where they were most needed, and in keeping them moving rapidly.

The Lounge.

A. O. H. OUTING.

The grand annual picnic, with national games, by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, will take place at the Fair Grounds next Sunday. In past years this has been one of the most interesting of the athletic events in the West, and contestants of eminence for athletic honors have come here from all parts of the country to compete for the prizes. The management has always been beyond criticism, the awards just and the pleasure of the spectators unbounded. The A. O. H. outing or field day in June causes the greatest open air outpouring of the year and the Fair Grounds, on that day, is the place whereat to see everybody who is anybody. The number of events scheduled is very great and there is something interesting for every one. The admission fee is only 25 cents: children under twelve years, free.

Kayserzinn just received, in great variety, both useful and ornamental. See display in our north window. J. Bolland Jewelry Co. Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

"I understand you were well-off before you married!" said the lawyer. "Yes," replied the witness, "but, like a fool, I didn't know it!"

MR. WM. WALSH, founder of the
Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., and

MR. CHAS. A. WAUGH, thirty years with the
E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.,

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MR. WAUGH will personally superintend a thoroughly equipped

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Our Clock Repair Department is now under the efficient management of Mr. Geo. A. Abel, who for the past ten years has been in a like capacity with the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co.

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DEARTH OF SEWING GIRLS.

There is just now a dearth of sewing girls in New York so marked as to lead to the suggestion to import from Europe, and, in all probability, from Paris, enough help of this kind to supply the demand. The difficulty of finding capable assistants is felt most seriously by persons who have lately gone into business and have not acquired a staff of trained employees.

For several years past the number of young girls who have become sewing women in the large dressmaking shops has markedly decreased, and there are just now so few of them that the situation has become really perplexing to all those dressmakers who have not a trained and experienced staff. The difficulty of hiring even at increased wages capable women to do the sewing required has prevented the opening of several contemplated establishments.

Not long ago a Boston firm bought the good-will of a well-known New York dressmaker who died suddenly. The representative of the firm said that he had bought the business because he was able to get with it the former proprietor's workwomen, and that his firm had for years been trying to establish a New York branch, but had never before been able to find the necessary assistants.

The cause of this scarcity of sewing girls is said to be the greater attraction of theatrical life. Women with any degree of good looks are always able to find employment in the choruses or ballets at much better pay, or, at all events, with duties that suit them much better. The competition has been too much for the dressmakers to combat.—N. Y. Sun.

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When a man no longer feels that animated buoyancy which comes with good dress, it's time to investigate. The ship of fashion is out of sail and a new "rig" is imperative. We are cutter riggers. Our tailor-made clothes move with every breath of fashion. Here you will find the warp and woof of spring comfort at anchoring prices:

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OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.

Mrs. Gus Hebard will leave in a short time for Magnolia Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Crawford have taken a cottage at Charlevoix, Mich.

Miss Nellie Griswold sailed on Wednesday to spend the summer in Europe.

Hon. and Mrs. H. T. Mudd will leave early next month for Kennebunkport, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Luyties returned Sunday from a fortnight's visit in Quincy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drummond left the early part of the week for Bar Harbor, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Amadee Cole, of Lindell boulevard, left on Sunday evening for Buffalo.

A Garden Party will be given on Thursday evening, June 30th, at the St. Louis Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Forster and the Misses Overstolz have gone to the Eastern Coast resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Thompson have gone from Atlantic City to their Kennebunkport cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Conde Pallen left the early part of the week for New York, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Christy have gone to Charlevoix, Mich. Mrs. Harlow Spencer, their daughter, is with them.

Mrs. Morris Lowenstein, of Washington boulevard, has gone to visit Mrs. Ralph Clark, her cousin, in Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. Eugene Carr, who has been residing here all winter, will in a few days join Gen. Carr at one of the Western resorts.

Mr. and Mrs. James Johnson, of 4015 Ohio avenue, will celebrate their golden wedding on Monday evening, June 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Taylor Bryan, of Westminster place, are entertaining their sister, Miss Mamie Clark, of Montgomery City, Mo.

Mrs. Samuel B. Churchill, of Louisville, Ky., accompanied by Miss Amelia Cowling, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sanger, of Boyle avenue.

Mrs. William Hyde accompanied by Mrs. Howard Payne and Miss Challie Benson, left the early part of the week for the Colorado resorts.

Mrs. Howard Kemper Gilman, of Lindell boulevard, left on Monday evening for Hardin, Ill. Later she will go to Chicago and the East.

Mrs. Payette B. Ewing is in New Orleans, with her sons, who are at college there. Later she will go to the Cumberland Mountains for the summer.

Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames left on Saturday last for her country place at Notchcliff above Upper Alton, whence she will go to Seattle to spend the summer with her son, Mr. Edgar Ames.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindell Gordon with their family, will leave soon for their cottage at Bass Rock, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hutehison and family will also summer at Bass Rock.

Invitations were issued Tuesday for the marriage of Miss Emily Smillie and Mr. Joseph Russell Johnson, which will take place on Monday, June 24th, at St. Alphonsus Rock Church. A bridal dinner will follow the ceremony, and after a bridal tour the young couple will reside at 3317 Vista avenue.

The marriage of Miss Essie Mae Beall and Mr. Richard John Eckart, of Collinsville, Ill., will take place this evening, at the home of the parents of the bride-elect, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carleton Beall, of 5120 Minerva avenue. The bride and groom will go direct to their own home in Collinsville, Ill.

Miss Nellie Bagnell's engagement to Mr. Bryon Penner Jabbitt is current gossip in society. Miss Bagnell is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. William Bagnell, of Westmoreland place, with whom she has just returned from California. Mr. Babbitt who is a nephew of Judge and Mrs. Amos Thayer, has lately been appointed to the important post of United States Commissioner for the South. The wedding will probably be one of the events of the early fall. Miss Bagnell will spend the summer with her mother in Europe.

An important engagement which was lately announced, is that of Miss Elizabeth Gordon and Mr. Pierce Sewell, of Chicago. Miss Gordon is granddaughter of the late Mrs. Jemima Lindell and a sister of Mr. Lindell Gordon. She has been spending a great deal of time abroad lately, and is at present in Boston, whence the news came in a letter to relatives here. Miss Gordon will summer with Mr. and Mrs. Lindell Gordon at Bass Rock, and, although arrangements for the marriage have not been definitely settled, it is thought that it will take place there during the summer.

In German circles, the largest event of the week was the marriage of Miss Henrietta Lull-

man and Mr. Ernst Harmes, which took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emelie Lullman, 1101 North Cardinal avenue, on Wednesday evening, at half past six o'clock, Rev. Dr. Ernst Flach, of Worden, Ill., the groom's uncle, officiating. The reception which followed included a large number of friends and out-of-town guests. The bride entered with her uncle, Mr. Henry B. Vogelsang, who gave her away. She wore a toilette of white lisse de soie, trimmed with lace and applique. Miss Lilian Schulz, as maid of honor, wore pink point d'esprit, trimmed with ruchings of ribbon. Miss Amanda Keiser, of Mount Olive, Ill., the bridesmaid, was gowned in white point d'esprit. Mr. Harmes had for his best man, Dr. Emil Holtzen, of Sedalia. Mr. Eugene Harmes, his brother, performed the duties of groomsman. The flower girl was Miss Florence Harmes. After a bridal tour, the couple will reside until fall at the Lullman residence.

Among the most fashionable events of the week in Jewish social circles was the marriage of Miss Florence Strauss and Mr. Alfred Frank, which took place on Monday evening at six o'clock, at the Columbian Club, Rabbi Harrison officiating. The bride entered the parlors on the arm of her father, Mr. Simon Strauss, and attended by her niece, Miss Clemence Samish, as maid of honor. Miss Grace Frank, the groom's sister, and Miss Maude Herman, of New York City, were the bridesmaids. Mr. Frank came in with his best man, the Hon. Nathan Frank. Messrs. Dave and Emil Strauss performed the duties of ushers and groomsmen. Two little girls, Misses Brownette Mayer and Lucille Strauss, dressed all in white, and carrying baskets of pink roses, completed the bridal party. The bride wore a handsome gown of white duchesse satin, embroidered in a design of calla lilies with crystal dew drops, and trimmed with a garniture of point lace. The maid of honor, was gowned in point d'esprit, made with tucks and insertions of Valenciennes lace. The bridesmaids' gowns were of white organdie and lace. After the ceremony a dinner was given for the relatives and friends, and the bride and groom then departed for a Western tour. Mr. and Mrs. M. Samish, of Des Moines, Iowa, came on to be present and are guests of Mrs. Samish, of 4242 Lindell boulevard. Mrs. E. Lederer, of Des Moines, Iowa, Mr. Greenhall, of New York, Mr. Topf, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Frank, of Chicago, and Mrs. Mayer, of Chicago, were also present.

Wah-ta-wass, a full-blooded Indian girl, is probably the first of her race to become a professional stenographer and typewriter. She is employed by a Boston lawyer and intends to go through Radcliffe college. The march of women can not be stopped. Why? Because she marches in Swope's shoes, the best shoes, of the best material, of the best workmanship, of the best fit, of the best quality; best for man as well as for woman. You pay a good article's price for a Swope shoe, but you never regret it. Swope's store is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis Mo.

DIVORCED HIM TO HELP HIM.

Mrs. George Clark Fairman, of Woodlawn, Ill., by agreement, recently got a divorce. She is 38 and Fairman 20 years older. Then Mrs. Fairman married Frank Disbrow, a broker, who had boarded with them, and Fairman took Disbrow's place as the boarder. Instead of taking the usual wedding trip the bridal couple stayed at home and sent the divorced husband on a trip. He was given expense money for a month's stay at the Buffalo exposition and his home in New York State. "We all recognized that it was for the best," said Mrs. Disbrow. "Mr. Fairman was getting so old that he was unable to work, and we agreed that if I were to marry I could take better care of him than if we remained as man and wife. Now I can take good care of him." Not many wives would so provide for their husbands. Mr. and Mrs. Fairman had lived together happily for twenty-three years. Even up to the time of their marital separation there was nothing to mar their domestic happiness.

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WASHINGTON IN THE SCHOOLS.

A contract has just been awarded to Wilson MacDonald, one of the oldest sculptors in America, by Mr. Frank Tilford, for a bust of General George Washington, to be donated to each public school in New York, 185 in number, the bust to be an enlargement of the original, which was made by Jean Antoine Houdon, Washington sitting for the great sculptor at Mount Vernon in October, 1785. Mr. Tilford believes that the public school children should be taught patriotism and love of country, and the most effective way of carrying out this idea is to place a reliable likeness of the Father of the Republic in the assembly rooms of the schools of the metropolis. The busts will be three feet high and the pedestals three feet. They will be completed next December.

MILLIONS FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

Wonderful improvements have been made on the Union Pacific by the expenditure of millions of dollars during the past few years, so that to-day it has the best track in the West. The road-bed is improved and ballasted up to the point of perfection. The decomposed granite brought down from Sherman Hill and used for ballasting purposes packs so firmly that no dust arises from the track and windows can be thrown wide open. There is not the continual jar and jerk noticeable on many lines, so annoying to the traveler, but instead an easy, gliding motion, conducive to rest and comfort. The sleeping, dining and chair cars (seats free) on this line are the most substantial and elegant that manufacturers have turned out of their shops, affording every convenience and comfort to passengers.

The "Overland Route," by which the Union Pacific is known all over the world, was the route in '49 for the traveler in his "prairie schooner," and it is the route to-day for all, in perfectly equipped trains on a perfect track. This route is the shortest and its trains make the quickest time.

Very low excursion rates will be made all summer to various Western points on or reached via the Union Pacific. If you are going to Colorado, Utah, California, Oregon,

Washington or Idaho to spend your vacation or to settle in a new home, write for descriptive literature, rates, dates of sale, or other information to J. H. Lothrop, General Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

BISMARCK'S FAVORITE STORY.

Sir Edward Malet's recently issued memoirs give the following as Bismarck's favorite story: "A traveller in the shires rested at noon at a wayside hostelry and took luncheon. When it was finished he asked for the bill. The landlord brought it to him. After casting a glance at it he looked at Boniface and said, 'What is your name?'—'My name,' replied the landlord, 'is Partridge.'—'Ah,' said the traveller, 'by the length of your bill I should have thought it would have been Woodcock!'"



After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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Here's what your real summer man is wearing, to be comfortable: Serge suit—blue, single or double breasted.

They're here—the right sort of serge suits—with skeleton back or full lined coats. Whether you are tall or short, stout or thin—we can fit you.

A suit—

\$12, \$15, \$18.

Mills & Averill,
BROADWAY AND PINE.

THE MIRROR SHORT STORY.

THE END OF THE MINOR POET.

"Who's that chap?" asked the Journalist, dropping his match on to the Artist's carpet and resting the soles of his boots against the Artist's mantelpiece.

"Which chap?"

"Why, the long-haired cove wasting a sad smile on my left boot."

"That?" said the Artist. "Oh, that's poor old Carter!"

"The fellow that used to write verses under the name of 'Leslie Barrington'?"

"That's the man."

"H'm! He ought to have been a very nightingale. Not that, so far as I know, nightingales have hair. What's become of him? I don't see his name about now."

The Artist looked grave, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe quietly.

"No," he said. "You're not likely to see any of his verses again."

"Phew! I didn't know."

There was silence in the room for a few minutes, during which both men stared at the portrait of the intellectual if slightly affected-looking young man on the mantelpiece. At last—

"He used to live with me, you know," said the Artist.

"I never knew that," said the Journalist. "Where were you hanging out then?"

"In Lincoln's Inn. Not in the Fields, but in the Inn itself. There was about one other man living in the Square besides ourselves, and, whatever time you came in at night there wasn't a soul, besides the police-

man on duty, to be seen. The authorities—Benchers, or whatever they call themselves—also had a playful way of economizing by turning out all the lights on the staircases after seven o'clock in the evening. I suppose it was all right for solicitors and people who simply used their chambers as offices, but it was pretty dismal for us, not to say dangerous. We lived on the fourth floor, next to the roof, and I used to light myself up in the early hours with a series of wax matches."

"And one night," said the Journalist, "you awoke to find your bedroom full of smoke and tongues of flame shooting up through the cracks in the floor."

"Rot!" said the Artist. "I never set fire to the place at all, as it happened, although I might have done so easily. Our laundress," he continued, "was a gaunt old thing with a face like a people's statue of Julius Caesar. She was very popular amongst the gentlemen in the Temple. At least, we had her word for it. She used to tell us about her popularity down there when we complained of the noise she made in the morning, or ventured to ask her, humbly, whether she had ever heard of a little book called 'Dainty Breakfast Dishes for Slender Appetites.' In the end, she gave notice because Carter bought a cookery-book and left it for her in the kitchen."

"H'm! They're difficult people to deal with, laundresses. You should have had a man."

"Yes," assented the Artist; "we should have had, but, as we both happened to be creators—on a small scale—instead of critics, we couldn't afford it."

"Poor devils!" said the Journalist loftily.

"Poor, perhaps, but not utterly disreputable. Sometimes indeed, we rose to such giddy heights of respectability as to give little tea-parties." The Artist sighed.

"Don't talk about it if it hurts you, old fellow," said the Journalist softly. "I know what indigestion is myself."

"It wasn't indigestion," breathed the Artist; "it was love. Carter insisted on getting a piano upon the hire system, and that's how it all began. She used to play her own accompaniments, and sing to us about home, and rivers, and reeds and things. We hadn't a dog's chance. I can hear her voice now."

"I suppose I am right in presuming that her name was Maisie?"

"No, it wasn't. You're a little too modern to make a good listener. She was called Enid."

The Artist rose, paced the room for a minute, and paused before a rough study of a girl's head that hung on the wall.

"Ah, Enid!" he said softly, examining the date at the corner of the sketch; "you were a volatile young person, weren't you?"

"Let's have a look at the lady," said the Journalist, joining him. "Did you draw that?" he asked, fingering the frame that contained the picture.

"Why not?" demanded the Artist.

"Oh nothing!" said the Journalist; "only I can see that you were very much in love with your model. That's one of the best things you ever did."

"Of course I was!" admitted the Artist.

"We both were, desperately."

"She was rich, I suppose?"

"Beastly rich! That was the difficulty.

WEDDING PRESENTS

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Carter used to say that the thought of her money paralyzed his poetic instinct."

"'Paralyzed his instinct' is good," said the Journalist. And you—?"

"Oh! it didn't paralyze me exactly, but it made me diffident, don't you know. Her father was a wine-merchant in a big way. Her mother was dead, and the little lady did pretty much as she liked. In addition to taking lessons in singing and piano-playing, the versatile Miss Enid also dabbled in Literature, and—though her work was rather too brilliant to warrant publication—often succeeded in monopolizing the time and attention of an editor, to the infinite disgust of hard-working but uninteresting journalistic veterans."

They sat down again, and the Journalist looked at the Artist expectantly.

"Suicide?" he asked, indicating, with a sideways nod, the portrait of the Minor Poet on the mantelpiece.

"Don't be a nuisance!" said the Artist testily. "I'm giving you the story in my own way. In course of time, I got to know Enid's father. Carter refused to go near the old man; he said he could scent his riches from afar. However, for the sake of the girl I loved, I consented to be dined and wined as lavishly as a Pressman at an inaugural banquet. The wine-merchant rather took to me, and I spent several very pleasant evenings at his house."

"One night—"

"Ha!" The Journalist sat up in his chair and looked aggressively professional.

"Please don't snort," said the Artist. "One night, I came home late. I had been spending a delightful evening with Enid, marred occasionally by the necessity of having to listen to her father's account of how he made his pile out of half-a-dollar and a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe.' After a time, however, he had fallen asleep, and

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the sound of his snores filled in those charming little gaps in our conversation that are apt to occur when people are too happy to be commonplace and too interested to be polite. Before I left, I had proposed to her in the hall, and she had accepted me on the mat."

"And when you got back to your chambers—?"

"I left her an hour later, returned to Lincoln's Inn by hansom, fumbled my way up the dark stairs, and crept into bed."

"What time would it be then?" asked the Journalist in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know!" hissed the Artist. "I fell asleep at once, but awoke about two hours later with the certainty that someone else was in the room. I struck a match, lit a candle by the side of my bed, and saw that I was right."

"It was Carter?"

"Of course it was! He was standing at the foot of my bed, dressed only in his pajamas. At first, I thought he must be walking in his sleep, for his eyes stared at me wildly and his face was as pale as death."

The Journalist looked nervously at the portrait on the mantelpiece and shuddered.

"He didn't speak a word," went on the Artist; "so I said, 'Hullo! old man, what's the matter?'"

"Yes?" The Journalist was trembling visibly.

"Don't be a fool!" said the Artist. "This isn't a melodrama: this is serious. When I spoke to him, he passed his hand over his eyes and gave a deep sigh. I asked him again what was the matter, but the only answer I got was, 'Thank God!'"

"Did he swoon?" asked the Journalist breathlessly.

"No, certainly not! He sat down on my portmanteau and looked much better. So I asked him a third time what he was getting at, and at last he condescended to explain. 'I had a dream,' he said, 'and, in my dream, I saw you lying on your bed, dead. I was so horrified that I awoke and staggered in here to see if the dream was true. At first, I was afraid to look at the bed; but, when you struck a match, the sense of relief was almost overpowering.' He was silent for a minute or two, and then he added, 'I wonder what the dream meant?'"

"Well?" asked the Journalist. "Did you tell him?"

"At first, it didn't occur to me; but suddenly I remembered that dreams go by oppo-

sites, and the whole thing, of course, was as plain as possible. So I told him, then and there, that I had proposed to Enid and that she had accepted me."

"Lord!" said the Journalist, slapping his knee, "what a lovely situation!"

"It may strike you like that," said the Artist, "but I thought it was beastly awkward. Poor old Carter was struck all of a heap, as they say. He simply got up from the portmanteau, staggered out of the room, and I heard him shut his own door with a bang. After he had gone, I tried to get to sleep again, for I was always a believer, you know, in letting things shape themselves as far as possible. But, hard as I tried, I couldn't sleep another wink. I kept on thinking about poor Carter and his dream, and the snoring old wine-merchant, and all the rest of it, until my brain was in a worse state of chaos than usual. Then I began to wonder seriously how Carter was feeling about my engagement. I knew he was a morbid sort of chap if anything went wrong with him, and I also knew that he was fearfully in love with Enid. It occurred to me that I ought to go into his room, perhaps, and say something by way of apology for having cut him out."

The Journalist put his hand over his eyes.

"The more I thought about it, the more evident it seemed that I ought to give him a bit of bucking-up. So I got out of bed, felt my way along the passage, and was just going to open his door when I heard a groan."

"Excellent!" said the Journalist, scenting melodrama.

"Excellent be blowed! It gave me a nasty turn, I can tell you. The place was still as death, the night was pitch-dark, and I hadn't the faintest idea what I might find inside that room. However, it was too late to draw back then, and in I went."

"To see the Poet stretched out upon the floor, a razor in his hand, a gash in his throat, and his beautiful curls dabbling in a pool of his own blood!"

"You're the least intelligent man in Fleet Street," said the Artist, "and that's saying something. As a matter of fact, he was sitting on the bed, composing verses to his lost love."

"Did he fly at you?"

"No. He waved me away airily, and went on with his composition. Two days later, the poem appeared in a penny evening paper. It was entitled, 'Her soul is Mine,' and really read rather well. It occurred to me

that Enid would like to know exactly how her component parts were distributed, so I took a copy over to show her. However, I was too late, for Carter had already sent her the cutting by a District Messenger-boy."

"She was annoyed, of course?"

"That's what I had expected, but you never know with women. She was so flattered—touched, she called it—that she insisted on meeting Carter to bid him farewell. The end of it was that she broke it off with me and got engaged to him."

"Get out!"

"Fact, I assure you! But now comes the moral. The old man said there was no money in minor poetry, and made him go into the wine business. He had to agree, and the very day that he put on a frock-coat

and went up to the City, 'Leslie Barrington,' minor poet, died."

"And Mr. Carter?"

"Oh! Mr. Carter is a flourishing wine-merchant, with heaps of money and a growing family."

The talk ceased suddenly; the Journalist was struggling with an idea. After a few moments, however, he reached over, and shook the Artist by the hand.

"Old man," he said, "I congratulate you!"

—The Sketch.

"That cat made an awful noise in the back garden last night," said Mr. Williams. "Yes, father," replied, Williams, junior; "I suppose that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing!"

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NEW BOOKS.

A story likely to attract much attention in the religious world, entitled, "A Soldier of the King," by Dora M. Jones, (Cassell & Co.) the scenes of which are laid, principally, in Maidstone, in the county of Kent, England, is told in a bright, chatty, concise manner, which, through its historic interest alone, would hold the reader. *Jack Gifford*, endeared to us and immortalized by Bunyan in his "Pilgrim's Progress," is the author's hero. The time is that part of the 16th century when the Royalists and Puritans were waging war, the one for "King and Kent," the other for "Truth and God. *Gifford's* defiant bravado, his hard, ruthless nature, his wrestlings with the Divine, the Spirit of God, his ultimate repentance and the wondrous change from devil to saint, and, in short, all the light and shade of this varied character are deftly painted, and the lesson to be gleaned therefrom is not hard to discern. *Rosamond*, the Royalist's sister, does not seem a stranger, a being away off in the times of Charles I.; on the contrary, the dear, loving, confiding, little creature, the charmingly inconsistent, womanly maiden reminds one of a girl of to-day. You know, all the time, that, while doing battle with her principles and her pride, against giving her love to *Thorold*, the Puritan captain, she is going to yield to Love's pleas, yet because of her winsomeness you bear with her patiently, and are only pleased when it all terminates, as in the dear fairy books of old, with their marrying and living happily ever afterward. *Grace Wilson*, the Puritan curate's daughter, whom *Gifford* so cruelly wrongs, and who dies of a broken heart, is purely a girl of her times. Reared to hold all worldly thoughts in abeyance, to deny the flesh, we find her a pure, saintly, innocent child-woman, who gives her heart wholly and unreservedly to her hero, only to have it bruised and crushed. In her great grief she turns her heart and mind to God, and meekly, humbly, kisses the chastening rod and, true to the portraiture, with her last breath breathes a prayer for mercy for the cause of all her woe. *Thomas Wilson*, the curate of All Saints, a good, holy pious man, true to his teachings, even to the most infinitesimal detail, is well portrayed. Miss Jones has, evidently, earnestly studied her characters and has drawn them most faithfully. *Annie Broughton*, the high minded, nobly patient, cripple girl,—a character which ever appeals to the tender-hearted,—is the only one not dealt with as satisfactorily as might have been. Miss Jones doesn't attempt any exquisite pen picturing, yet her descriptions of places in and adjacent to Maidstone are very pleasing in their simplicity. At times one finds the diction a bit faulty, but, all in all, it is above the average. The basic theme, too, is old, yet withal, in its new dress, it does not seem so hackneyed as it really is. There are no long, tedious, dissertations through which to wade, and this, in view of the fact that there are several battles and intrigues to tell of, is another way of saying that Miss Jones writes in an easy, graceful style, a style which will be approved by the average popular novel reader.

Mr. Madison Cawein's latest book of poems is called "Weeds By The Wall," though reading the book one finds no weeds at all, but only a pretty nosegay. The pretty little volume is full of happily expressed bits of philosophy, well phrased fancies of affection, joyousness, melancholy, regret, hope—all the emotions upon which a poet thrives. The verses are singularly varied in matter, in method, in charm. "The Path By The

Creek" is a delightful poem in which the world, otherwise too much with us, is far, far away. The poet draws one very close to nature; 'tis so vividly portrayed. The babbling brook's song, the carol of the joyous choristers, the touch of shade here, the dazzling brilliance there—one can almost feel the balmy zephyrs kiss the cheek and brow, and somehow, ere you know it, your heart seems lured into an unaccustomed rapture of calm of a charm you are loathe to break by so much as the turning of a leaf.

While in this mood, turn to "A Lullaby," and find suggested pictures in music of all that childhood is in its close identification with the measureless affection of motherhood. A poem called "Helen," claims attention, and from the description of the fair charmer, one would judge it written after the curtain had dropped on another version of the play of "The Moth and the Flame," wherein the author, alack-a-day, had enacted the role of Moth, for the poet says of the subject of his singing that, although so enchantingly divine:—

"Nature overlooked one part,
In this masterpiece of art—
Helen's heart."

"Musings" is a collection of much-in-little verse, which bespeaks depth of thought and earnestness of purpose, and, too, considerable mere scholarship. They are well worth perusal by the person who likes neat and apt expression. In his "A. D. Nineteen Hundred," a mere quip, the author lets loose the floodgates of his indignation against the utter futility and deplorable barbarity of war:

"Where now the boast Earth makes of civilization?
Its brag of Christianity?—In vain
We seek to see them in the dread eclipse.
Oh, hell and horror, all the devastation
Of Death triumphant in his hills of slain!"

"Transubstantiation" is short, but poetically beautiful. Scores of other prettily conceived verses, go to make up this delightful pot-pourri. The old, the young, the grave, the gay, all—all—will find in "Weeds By the Wall," something to interest, something to play upon the heartstrings. Mr. Cawein may not be quite so great a poet as Mr. William Dean Howells has told us we should think him, but he certainly has fancy and grace and rhythm and feeling and this latest book of his shows him, in the main, at his best. M. F. S.

AERTEX.

The mystic word that heads this item is one with which to "shoo away" the horrors of heat. If you want to be cool during the summer, just go to Salveter & Stewart's, 217 and 219 North Broadway and 707 Olive street, and ask for Aertex Cellular Underwear for men. You will find it agreeable to eye and to touch. It is made of the lightest material and it is of a quality of material that rids the wearer of all the discomforts of stickiness or clingingness so often making other underwear a burden to the flesh. It promotes, rather than prevents, the circulation of air about the body, and it furthers evaporation of perspiration, in which is found the secret of coolness. It is, as the advertisements say, the kind of underwear to wear "if you're in touch with the march of progress." It is the ideal summer underwear. It is eminently sanitary because it provides ventilation for the surface of the superheated body. Salveter & Stewart are the only haberdashers who keep it, and their stores are at 217 and 219 North Broadway and at 707 Olive Street. You're not in it unless its Aertex.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"The Mikado," is the attraction at Delmar Garden, this week, to be followed next week by Willard Spencer's celebrated romantic comedy, "The Princess Bonnie." St. Louisans have, these many years, enjoyed a brand of "Mikado" performances under the auspices of Stage-Manager E. P. Temple, that has no equal. Mr. Temple is a graduate of the original Gilbert & Sullivan school in the Savoy Theatre, London. Mr. Temple believes in an undefiled version of Gilbert and Sullivan. He eschews gags, forbids all topical songs, requires adherence to the text as written by Gilbert, and believes in the music as scored by Sullivan. In "The Princess Bonnie," Manager Charles M. Southwell has an opera after his own heart. Willard Spencer invented the musical forms by which the melodies of the masters of the tonal art were given a rag-time flavor. The average opera habitue likes that sort of thing. To give the people what they want is his thought. Last Sunday over 17,000 persons visited Delmar Garden from 6 to 10.30 p. m. The Transit and Suburban companies carried over 170 of their longest cars, loaded beyond capacity, to the place in that time and yet there was room for more in the forty-three acres of pleasure-ground.

Next week is the annual benefit of the Police Relief Association at the Highlands, with Grace Van Studdiford as the leading attraction. This lady is a singer, a beauty, a society favorite and a woman of spirit. She will be a great "card." Excellent entertainers also are the three Mortons, Sam, Kittie and Clara, Nat Wills and Miss Mayhew, a pretty soubrette. Ransom Post will have a benefit at the Highlands next Saturday afternoon and evening. Handsome and appropriate decorations and bunting galore are promised for the occasion.

Next week at Uhrig's Cave we shall have "The Grand Duchess" and in the title role "The Berri" ought to shine with vocal and artistic lustre. Frank Moulan will be the Prince Paul; John Allison, General Boum; Clinton Elder, Fritz; Wm. Steiger, Baron Puck, and Gertrude Lodge, Wanda. All the scenery will be new from the studio of Max Greenbrough and the costumes will also see the glare of the footlights for the first time. There will be too big gala nights at the Cave next week. On Monday evening, the 25th, the Office Men's Club and their friends will gather in force, and on Wednesday evening, the 26th, "The Eagles" will hold high carnival there. At the matinee on Saturday of this week every lady in the audience will be presented with an autograph portrait of Comedian Frank Moulan as he appears in every day attire.

For the coming week the New Suburban offers another strong vaudeville bill. The most familiar face to be seen will be that of Carroll Johnson, in a new minstrel monologue act and new Johnsonian costumes. Favor and Sinclair give a new attractive sketch, "The McGuires," which has especially good comedy elements. The Australian Rizley Family are also in the coming week's bill, with an act peculiarly their own, while Roberts, Hayes and Roberts round out the vaudeville turns provided. The ballet, with Mlle. Mavroffer as premiere, which has been steadily growing in favor, will give new dances in new costumes, presenting a new act. The attractiveness of the improved and enlarged grounds, the incidental pleasures, the catering at Cafe Caesar, the appearance of Electra, the electric dancer, the cinematograph, etc., need not be enlarged upon.

"The Parisian Belles," at the cool, commodious Standard, this week, are just warm enough to mitigate pleasantly the frappe atmosphere that Manager Butler has on tap for his patrons. They are very Parisian and most belle in all their cute ways and songs that just stop where they should, or shouldn't. Next week, pursuing the French trend of taste, the Standard will exhibit an aggregation of "French Beauties," who will present stunning novelties in burlesque, even to the frequenters of the home of burlesque. The Standard shows, always good, are especially good in summer.

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LEASING RACE HORSES.

William C. Whitney won the Derby with a leased horse. Volodyovski had previously been leased to the late Lord William Beresford, after whose death Mr. Whitney became the possessor of his "racing qualities" for two years. It is not known what terms or conditions were agreed upon between Mr. Whitney and Lady Meux, but it is believed in turf circles that a lump sum was paid for the use of the colt. The cost of maintaining and racing was probably borne exclusively by the lessee, who wins all the glory and the stakes. "Mr. Whitney wanted to win the Derby," said a man who is well posted on turf affairs, "and he is liberal enough to have made the terms easy for the owner. He probably leased the animal for a large sum, agreeing to forfeit a small fortune in case of injury to the animal, and in addition promise to share with the owner the prize of 6,000 sovereigns if he should win."

Leasing horses is not an unknown practice in the United States. Many owners, who do not wish to be troubled with the details of racing, lease the "racing qualities" of their horses. The animals become the property of the men who lease them, and are entered under the name of the lessee. At the expiration of the lease the horse is returned to the owner. In the meantime the profits or losses may have been divided between owner and lessee, or the lessee may have taken all responsibility and carried all losses and gains. Among the people who turn their stock over to the care of lessees are the men who are ambitious to raise good stock, but dislike to figure in racing circles. Others are men who own horses of unknown ability. They turn them over to other persons for a consideration, and if a certain horse does not come up to expectations the disappointment is shouldered by the lessee. The winning horse had also once been entered by Lady Meux in the name of "Mr. Theobalds." This is a practice to which horse owners resort when they do not lease their horses and do not wish to be known. The jockey club always knows the name of the real owner, so that in case of dispute or misunderstanding it would know to whom to go. King Edward has raced under the name of Lord Marcus Beresford, and his horses are now entered under the name of the Duke of Portland. Mrs. Langtry's horses were entered under the name of "Mr. Jersey;" the late Duchess of Montrose's horses were credited to "Mr. Manton," the ex-queen of Naples used the name "Count Isola," and Charles Day Rose's horses were entered under the name of "Mr. Adams." In this practice America has also followed the English example, and many horses belonging to well known men are entered for races under names unknown in the social or business world.

COULDN'T FIND THE CORKSCREW.

They live pretty well out south, in a handsome home, but not near enough to a fire station to be "handy in case of accident." As the house is their own and their all, the husband had been somewhat in terror of a blaze for some time. So he laid in a stock of hand grenades, those little glass bottles which are supposed to put out any fire that may start. One day the blaze came. The cook started it in the kitchen; then she fled howling to her room and began to pack her trunk. The wife prides herself on her ability to keep her head, so first she stepped

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to the telephone and turned in the alarm and then she went for the hand grenades. When the fire department did arrive the men found her standing over the sideboard rummaging through the drawers. Copious streams of water soon drowned the blaze and ruined the lower floor, and the department left. Still she rummaged. Her husband came, called by the 'phone girl. He saw her there. "Why, my dear girl," he said, "why didn't you use the hand grenades and stop the fire as soon as it started? Then the whole lower part of the house wouldn't have been soaked." "John," she responded icily, "if you would just keep the corkscrew where it belongs, I could use the horrid old grenades. But it is gone and how was I to open them?" Kansas City Journal.

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THE NEW MAID—"The mistress caught the master kissing me, but you needn't be afraid of that, ma'am."

MRS. HOUSEKEEP—"Well, I should say not!"

THE NEW MAID—"No, ma'am. Your husband ain't my style at all."—Philadelphia Press.

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Chambermaid: "Last evening monsieur took me for his wife!" Cook: "Ah! He kissed you, I suppose?" "Not in the least! He called me names, and made a terrible scene."

THE STOCK MARKET.

Notwithstanding the irregularity in price movements, and occasional evidences of quiet liquidation in leading issues, the stock market displays a hardening tendency and enlarged bullish activity. Last week's setback was of only short duration; it led to good buying by substantial interests, with sharp gains in Union Pacific common, Missouri Pacific, Atchison, Southern Pacific, Erie, Reading, Southern Ry., Louisville & Nashville, Sugar, Amalgamated Copper, Colorado Fuel & Iron, Tennessee Coal & Iron, Republic Iron & Steel and Traction shares. St. Paul was easily the leader in the railway list, advancing about 15 points on fairly reliable talk that the Union Pacific people had acquired control of the property, and would issue 4 per cent. collateral trust bonds in exchange for St. Paul stock, on the basis of \$200 in bonds for \$100 in stock. While there is some skepticism in Wall street in relation to this latest deal, there can be no question that negotiations of importance are in progress, and that the community of interest policy is still being extended in the West and Northwest. Owing to these rumors, St. Paul stock almost touched the extreme high level established before the panic of May 9th. It is intimated that an entirely amicable arrangement has been made between the Morgan-Hill and Harriman-Gould-Rockefeller interests, and that all the Pacific railroads will be operated in perfect harmony and to greater pecuniary advantage than they have been at any time in their history. Operating expenses will be steadily reduced and rate wars will become a relic of a barbarous past, according to the knowing ones in Wall street. There is certainly considerable weight in this argument, and it is not surprising that such a prominent financial paper as the London *Bullionist*, recently said that American railroads are rapidly becoming the most valuable properties in the world.

The whole stock list responded, to a decisive extent, to the rapid advance in St. Paul. Union Pacific common moved up about 9 points, Southern Pacific 6 points, Louisville & Nashville 3, Atchison preferred and common from 3 to 5, New York Central 3, Pennsylvania 2, and the coal stocks from 3 to 4 points. Pennsylvania showed marked strength, owing to the announcement that the company had acquired its own steel-rail plant, so as to be independent of the United States Steel Corporation, and also owing to excellent traffic returns on its lines. There can be no doubt that an extra dividend will again be distributed on Pennsylvania shares in the autumn, and it would, therefore, not be surprising to see the stock rise to 175 before a great while.

Reading, Erie, Ontario & Western, Chesapeake & Ohio and Norfolk & Western will make a good record in the next few months. Erie common is being quietly absorbed by prominent people who know what is going on, and it is again stated that Erie first and second preferred will shortly be placed on a full 4 per cent dividend-basis. While the earnings of the property are not as yet very satisfactory and justifying dividend-payments on the second preferred and common, it is evidently the intention of the management to bring about a material reduction in expenditures and a corresponding enlargement in surplus. A significant feature of late has been the uninterrupted advance in Erie 4 per cent bonds, both in general mortgage and prior lien 4s. Erie common will un-

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BAUER BROS.,
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doubtedly go materially higher, and looks like a good purchase, in spite of the fact that it has gained over 30 points in the last twelve months. As an investment, the first preferred, at present figures, looks very attractive.

There has been large buying in Reading 4s in the past two weeks, and the bonds are now selling at the highest prices on record. Investors have great confidence in these securities, and for very substantial reasons. A great transformation is being effected in the Reading system. Expenditures are being reduced, and the property has been put into splendid physical and financial condition. The Reading is the most valuable anthracite coal property in the country, and with improved methods of management, shareholders should receive great benefits in the course of time. The common stock, while not as yet in sight of a dividend, is a good purchase at current prices. Compared with the common shares of other reorganized roads, Reading common has not had a rise commensurate with the increase in the country's population, wealth, trade and prosperity. It sold at 29¼ in 1897, so that at the present price of 47½, it is only about 18 points above the highest in 1897. The first preferred is a bargain at anything like 80, and should eventually go to 95.

Louisville & Nashville acts in a very capricious manner, but will go to 125 in due time. A strong pool is at work in it and accumulating the stock in large blocks. A semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent will be declared in the next few weeks. There are hints of an increased rate, but well-informed people expect the regular rate of 2½ per cent. The future of this property is very bright and its earnings show record breaking gains.

Some weeks ago attention was called in these columns to Central of Georgia first and second income bonds. Since that time, these issues have steadily risen in value. The first income 5s are now selling at 73, and will surely sell at 90 before November

1st. These bonds received 3¼ per cent last year, and will receive the full 5 per cent this year, as the company is earning sufficient to pay the full 5 per cent on the first and second income 5s. The property is under the control of interests friendly to the Southern Ry Co.

Missouri Pacific has risen to 124, and is now 8 points above the high level touched before the recent panic. A dividend is now daily expected. The earnings of the property are simply marvelous; for the month of May, the net gain was almost equal to 100 per cent, compared with the same month in 1900. The methods of Mr. Russell Harding are bearing fruit, and sooner than expected by many stockholders. There are rumors that the Texas & Pacific will soon be absorbed by the Missouri Pacific, one share of Missouri Pacific to be given for two shares of Texas & Pacific. Mr. Geo. Gould is, unquestionably, a chip of the old block, and wide awake to the possibilities of the future development of our country. He is now interested in the Missouri Pacific and its allied lines, the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Chicago & Alton, Kansas City & Southern, and the various Colorado lines. He does not propose to be excluded from the Pacific and is intent upon establishing his own trans-continental system.

Colorado Fuel & Iron has advanced to almost 140, on rumors of a consolidation of this property with the Tennessee Coal & Iron, Republic Iron & Steel and other concerns which were left out of the gigantic steel combine of Mr. Morgan. Republic Iron & Steel preferred and common appear to be good purchases at 76 and 23 respectively; insiders are said to have been large buyers of late. Mr. J. W. Gates seems to be determined to get "even" with Mr. Morgan in some way or other; it will be remembered that he is now largely interested in the Colorado F. & Iron Co. The U. S. Steel Corporation is not willing to be "caught napping," and is buying up one independent concern after another. Its recent acquis-

St. Louis Trust Co.

N. W. Cor. Fourth
and Locust Sts.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

2, 3 and 4% ON DEPOSITS.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

Bought and sold for cash, or carried on margin. Also

DEALER IN

Municipal and Local Securities.

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GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.Connected by SPECIAL LEASED
WIRES with the various exchanges.

GUY P. BILLON,

307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon,
stock and bond broker, 307 Olive Street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102	-104
Park 6	A. O. April 1, 1905	110	-111
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O. April 10, 1906	110	-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D. June 25, 1907	102 1/2	-103
" 4	A. O. April 10, 1908	105	-107
" 4	J. D. Dec. 1, 1909	102	-103
" 4	J. J. July 1, 1911	112	-113
" 4	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104	-106
" 4	M. S. June 2, 1920	104	-106
" St. L. & N. 4	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107	-109
" (Gld) 4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108	-109
" 4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108	-110
" 4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109	-110
" 3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104	-106
" 3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104	-105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,850,277

Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/2	-106
School 3 1/2	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102	-104
" 4	F. A. Aug. 1, 1908	100	-102
" 4	A. J. April 1, 1914	102	-105
" 4	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103
" 4 10-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108	-105
" 4 15-20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
" 4	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106
" 3 1/2	J. J. July 1, 1921	101	-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1901	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel. Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	104 1/2 -105
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 -108 1/2
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115 1/2 -116 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -114 1/2
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 -119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	93 - 94
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	98 - 98 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	91 1/2 - 93
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 95
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104 1/2 -104 3/4
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 88

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	250 -251
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	198 -203
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1901 6 SA	265 -270
Continental	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	222 -223
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5 p. c. SA	246 -252
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1901, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Mar. 1901 1 1/2 qy	145 -150
Jefferson	100	Jan. 01, 3 p. c. SA	117 -120
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1901, 6 SA	525 -575
Mechanics	100	Apr. 1901, 2 qy	226 -230
Merch.-Laclede	100	Mar. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	215 -220
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1901, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	294 -296
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	125 -130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Apr. 1901, 8 SA	137 -140
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1900, 8	110 -115
State National	100	Apr. 1901 1 1/2 qy	177 1/2 -178 1/2
Third National	100	Apr. 1901, 1 1/2 qy	223 -225

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	268 -270
Lincoln	100	June '01, S.A. 3	245 -246
Miss. Va.	100	Apr. '01, 2 1/2 qy	390 -392
St. Louis	100	Apr. '01, 1 1/2 qy	319 -321
Title Trust	100	Nov. '98, 1/2	153 -155
Union	100	Nov. '98, 1/2	365 -375
Mercantile	100	Apr. '01 Mo 75c	330 -333

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J. 1912	102 -103
10-20s 5s	J. & J. 1907	109 -111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	-
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2 1905	105 -107
10s 5s	F. & A. 1911	107 -108
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J. 1913	117 -118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J. 1913	117 -118
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N. 1896	105 -106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	-
People's	J. & D. 1912	98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N. 1902	98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -
St. L. & F. St. L.	J. & J. 1925	103 -107
do 1st 6s	M. & N. 1910	100 1/2 -101 1/2
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J. 1913	102 -103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J. 1913	102 -103
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A. 1921	105 -106
do Con. 5s	M. & N. 1914	117 -120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N. 1916	116 -117
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N. 1914	93 1/2 - 95
do Incomes 5s	M. & N. 1904	104 -106
Southern 1st 6s	F. & A. 1916	107 -108
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D. 1910	100 -102
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	J. & D. 1918	122 -123
U. D. 1st 10-20s 6s	Apr. '01 1 1/2	79 - 79 1/2
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & J. 89 - 89 1/2	-
United Ry's Pfd.	2 1/2 - 24 1/2	-
" 4 p. c. 50s	-	-
St. Louis Transit.	-	-

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent	25	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	48 1/2 - 50

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	21 - 22
" Pfd.	100	May 1901 1/2	32 - 33
Am. Car-Pdroy Co.	100	May 1901 1 1/2 qy	85 - 86
" " Pfd	100	Apr. 1901 2 qy	140 -145
Bell Telephone	100	May '96, 2	3 1/2 - 4 1/2
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	Apr. 1901, MO.	120 -131
Central Lead Co.	100	July, '97, 1	14 - 15
Doe Run Min. Co.	100	Apr. 1901, 1/2 MO	125 -135
Granite Bi-Metal.	100	210	212
Hydraulic P. B. Co.	100	May 1900, 1 qy	85 - 90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48 - 53
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901 A. 10.	103 -109
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901 SA 3 1/2	102 -108
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Feb. 1901 2 p. c.	84 1/2 - 85 1/2
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June 1901 SA	99 -101
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	50	52
Mo. Edison com.	100	16	17 1/2
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Apr. '01 1 1/2 qy	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	Apr. '01 qy 1 1/2	95 -100
Simmons Hdw Co.	100	Feb. 1901, 8 A	168 -172
Simmons do pf.	100	Feb. 1901, 3 1/2 SA	141 -145
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Mar. 1901 4 S.A.	139 -142
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	10 Feb. 1901 1 1/2 qy	15 - 16
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 4 p. c.	67 - 68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	100	Jan., '99 3 p. c.	63 - 64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	5 - 25
St. L. Exposit'n.	100	Dec., '96, 2	2 - 4
St. L. Transfer Co.	100	Apr. 1901, 1 qy	70 - 75
Union Dairy	100	Feb., '01, 1 1/2 SA	110 -115
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '01 qy	220 -229
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901. 7 1/2	190 -120
" Coupler	Consolidated	40	43

itions were the Bethlehem and other steel and iron plants in Pennsylvania.

Owing to another bad bank statement last Saturday, disclosing a weakening of bank reserves and large expansion in loans, as a result of gold engagements for shipment to Germany and consolidation deals, the money market has hardened to a slight extent and there is a feeling of conservatism in financial circles. It is not expected, however, that there will be any stringency until autumn. July disbursements will be heavy, and on and after July 1st, the revised revenue act goes into effect and will lead to a shrinkage in internal government receipts. Stocks will no doubt prove a good purchase on all moderate set-backs.

N. E.—After writing the above, the announcement was made that the directors of the Missouri Pacific had declared a semi-annual dividend on the stock of 2 1/2 per cent., the first dividend since the summer of 1891. The stockholders are also offered the right to subscribe to new stock at par, at the rate of 15 per cent of their holdings. Missouri Pacific stock should be bought without hesitation on all declines.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The bull faction controlled the local stock market of late, and prices, with few exceptions, show gains. Activity was restricted, however. Bank and Trust Company shares still attract the most attention. Mississippi Valley has risen to 385 bid, 388 asked. For Mercantile Trust 327 1/2 is bid, while St. Louis Trust is closely held at 319 1/2. State National is a little higher at 178, while Third National is offered at 223 1/2, Bank of Commerce at 296 and Continental National at 222.

Missouri-Edison issues are dormant. The preferred is quoted at 50 bid, and 18 is asked for the common. The preferred is regarded as a good purchase by leading brokers. Laclede Gas common is firm at around 85.

Transit is quiet at 23 3/4 bid, while United Railways preferred is unchanged at 79; the 4 per cent bonds are offered at 89 1/2, and a little weaker.

Sterling exchange is steady at 4.88 1/2; Berlin is 95 11-16, and Paris 5.15 1/2. Banks report a continued large business.

The Odessa correspondent of the London Standard, writing under date of April 18th, describes the "hunger-bread" of the famine-stricken districts of Bessarabia. These loaves are composed of coarse pine-wood sawdust, a small percentage of stale and moldy maize-flour, and a large admixture of various kinds of weed-seeds and finely chopped weed-leaves and stalks gathered on the steppe and in the forests. No wonder that the wretched peasantry, compelled by acute hunger to devour foodstuffs which healthy cattle would reject, are prostrated in thousands and dying in hundreds from typhus and other diseases.

Fine diamonds, Mermod & Jaccard's.

OTTO AND HIS AUTO.

'Tis strange how fashion makes us change the objects we admire;
We used to sing the tireless steed, but now the steedless tire.
So Otto bought an auto, so as not to be antique,
But the thing was autocratic,
As well as automatic,
And the auto wouldn't auto as it ought to, so to speak.

He thought to get an auto-operator for the work,
And first he tried a circus man and then he tried a Turk,
For he knew the circus man drove fifty horses with success
And if a man be shift-y
Enough to manage fifty,
It's palpable enough he ought to manage one horse-less.

As for the Turk, 'tis also plain, deny it if you can,
He ought to run an auto, since a Turk's an Ottoman.

'Twas all no use, so Otto moved to Alabama, purely
That he might say, "I'm Otto,
From Mobile, and my motto:
'A Mobile Otto ought to run an automobile surely.'"

Then Otto sought to auto on the auto as he ought to,
But the auto sought to auto as Otto never thought to,
So Otto he got hot, oh very hot! as he ought not to,
And Otto said, "This auto ought to auto, and it's got to."
And Otto fought the auto, and the auto it fought Otto,
Till the auto also got too hot to auto as it ought to,
And then, Great Scott! the auto shot to heaven—so did Otto—
Where Otto's auto autos now as Otto's auto ought to.

Edmund Vance Cooke In July Smart Set.

EXCURSION TO YELLOWSTONE PARK,

AMERICAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION WILL TRAVEL IN THE WEST THIS YEAR.

An extended tour to the Yellowstone Park has been arranged by the American Tourist Association of which Reau Campbell, is general manager. Many people of this vicinity are going, as the itinerary is leisurely and there are such long stops at all points of interest that the travelers will be able to make extended explorations of such places as Pike's Peak and Garden of the Gods in Colorado. The itinerary of the tour includes a visit to unique Salt Lake City and long ride in sight of the Rocky Mountains. The same features that have hitherto made these tours so popular will be prominent this year. There will be utmost privacy for small parties in the Pullman sleeping and dining cars, and all the coaches used on the drives will be for the exclusive use of the tourists. The American Tourist Association has also arranged a tour of Alaska, and if individual members of the Yellowstone party desire to continue further north, the trip will be incorporated in the itinerary. The cost of tickets for these tours includes all expenses everywhere. Full particulars will be furnished upon application to City Ticket Office, Northwest corner Broadway and Olive street.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company.

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$6,500,000.

Rents Safe Deposit Boxes in Fire, Burglar and Mob-Proof Vaults at \$5 per annum and upward. Trunks and boxes containing silverware and other bulky valuables stored at special rates.

Six Grand Races

AT FAIR GROUNDS DAILY.

Admission, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00. Races Start 2:30 P. M.

St. Louis Fair Association.

C. A. TILLES, PRESIDENT.

JUSTICE HARLAN'S TIP.

A good story is told of the clever manner in which Justice Harlan managed to give a tip on the insular decision to his golf friend, Solicitor General Richards. About an hour before the court met on decision day Justice Harlan walked into Mr. Richards' office at the Department of Justice. He said he was on his way to the court.

"Some important business to-day?" remarked the solicitor general.

"Say," replied the big justice, "did you ever hear the story of the calf and the knot hole down in Kentucky?"

Mr. Richards confessed he had never heard it, but would be pleased to listen.

"Well," said Justice Harlan, pausing to take another chew of tobacco, "two men were going along by a cowpen one day, and they saw a calf's tail sticking out toward them through a knot-hole in the fence. 'That's a wonderful thing,' said one of the men. 'I don't see anything wonderful about it,' replied the other; 'it's nothing but a calf's tail sticking through a knot-hole.' 'Well, sir,' persisted the other, 'I have traveled all over the world and I've never seen a more wonderful thing than that.' 'What in the deuce is so wonderful about it?' asked his friend. 'What is wonderful about it? What is wonderful? It is this: How in the name of the great horn spoon did that calf get through that knot-hole?'"

Justice Harlan had a good laugh at his own story, and as he went away to the capitol the solicitor general turned to his assistant and remarked:

"The court is for the government and Justice Harlan is in the dissent."

While Justice Brown was reading the decision of the court in the De Lima case, in which the Government lost on a minor point, Justice Harlan kept his eye on Solicitor General Richards. There was a merry twinkle in it. Finally he called a page and sent a note down to his golf companion, who was sitting soberly at bar. The note read: "Now you see the calf's tail."

At this the face of the solicitor general brightened a little, and he went out into the lobby and told afternoon correspondents they would make a mistake if they sent out reports to the effect that the Government had lost the case. When he returned to the court room Justice Brown was reading the majority opinion in the famous Downes case. Justice Harlan's eyes were still twinkling. In a few moments, before Justice Brown had reached the pith of his decision, another note came down from the bench to the now happy solicitor general. It read: "Now you see how the calf got through the knot hole."

DELMAR GARDEN Opera Company

IN THE

MIKADO.

Magnificent Decorations and illumination of Delmar Garden.

Evening at 8.30. 25-50-75.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees 3. 25c-50c

Orchestra matinees at 2:30 daily. Grand stereopticon displays on the lawn opposite Faust's Cottage. Admission to the big grounds free. See the Midway and Steeplechase. Downtown ticket office at Bollman's, 1'00 Olive street.

NEXT WEEK

THE PRINCESS BONNIE.

THE NEW SUBURBAN.

On the Hills.
New Management. New Policy.

THE AGOUST FAMILY,
The World's Most Marvellous Jugglers.
GRAND PANTOMIME BALLET,
"The Rowers on the Seine!"
Mlle. MAVEROFFER, Premiere.

VAUDEVILLE—The Four Huntings: Francelli and Lewis and George Austin Moore.

Coming June 23—CARROLL JOHNSON, minstrel monologue; FAVOR and SINCLAIR, comedy sketch; THE AUSTRALIAN RIZLEY FAMILY, acrobats; and ROBERTS HAYES and ROBERTS.

Highest Class Family Resort Park Admission free. Theatre Evgs., 10, 25, 35. Daily Mats., free; Reserve 10c. Absolutely Nothing higher. Visit the Annex.

ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN. SCENIC R'Y. CAFE CAESAR.

UHRIG'S CAVE

To-night 8:30. Saturday Matinee 2:30.

THE MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI OPERA CO.

In the Sparkling Opera

The Isle of Champagne

NOTE—Every lady in the audience on Saturday afternoon next will be presented with an autograph photo souvenir of the popular comedian Frank Moulan.

Reserved seats on sale at A. A. Aal Cloak Co., 515 Locust st., and Ostertag Bros., Florists, Washington and Jefferson aves.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23 THE GRAND DUCHESS.

THE MOST POPULAR BOOKS.

The Crisis, Winston Churchill, \$1.15; The Helmet of Navarre, Bertha Runkle, \$1.20; Sonnets to a Wife, Ernest McGaffey, \$1.25; Sir Christopher. Maude W. Goodwin, \$1.20; Old Bowen's Legacy, Edwin A. Dix, \$1.20; Puppet Crown, Harold MacGrath, \$1.20; The Inlander, Harrison Robertson, \$1.20; Valencia's Garden, Crowninshield, \$1.20.

JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive street.

Cassidy: "How many children have you, Clancy?" Clancy: "Oi don't know. I haven't bin home for a week."

STANDARD

The Original Home of Folly.
Two Frolics Daily.

35 Large Electric Fans make this place Cooler than any Summer Garden.

THIS WEEK

Ed. Rush's Parisian Belles Burlesquers.

NEXT WEEK

THE FRENCH BEAUTIES.

Annual Benefit Entertainment

St. Louis Police Relief Association.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS,

WEEK OF JUNE 23.

Grand Vaudeville,

Under direction of Hopkins' Amusement Co.

Special Engagement of

Mrs. Grace Van Studdiford.

TICKETS, \$1.00. ADMIT TWO.

T. J. McCORMACK, Secretary.

G. T. McNAMEE, President.

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS.

ONLY FAMILY RESORT IN TOWN.
HOPKINS' PAVILION.

Two Shows Daily—Rain or Shine.

DELLA FOX

7-FAUST FAMILY-7 Australian Acrobatic Marvels.

ROBERTS, HAYES AND ROBERTS, Comedy Sketch.

GEORGE AUSTIN MOORE, Monologist and Singer.

DUKE & HARRIS, Musical Comedians. 5-STIDOLPHS-5, Duetists.

Admission to Grounds Free. Reserved seats, 25c and 10c.

FRIDAY,
Grand Army Day,
Ransom Post.

SATURDAY,
Royal Arcanum Day,
Valley Council.

Next Week—Benefit Police Relief Association.

CRAWFORD'S

Anticipating now a Short Summer instead of a Long One, we propose setting our sails accordingly, and begin thus early trimming ship, furling and reefing sails, and are now, as a prelude, putting New and Unloading Prices on All Summer Goods. Note Reductions.

LACE CURTAINS.

500 pair Ruffled Swiss Curtains, for cottage and bedrooms, were 85c, now, pair	55c
500 pair Nottingham and Scotch Lace Curtains, in 1, 2 and up to 5 pair of pattern, all the newest effects.	
\$1.25 Curtains cut to	75c pair
\$1.75 Curtains cut to	98c pair
\$2.00 Curtains cut to	\$1.35 pair
\$2.50 Curtains cut to	\$1.75 pair
\$3.00 Curtains cut to	\$1.95 pair
\$3.75 Curtains cut to	\$2.50 pair
75 pair Irish Point Lace Curtains, in one pair pattern, regular value from \$4.00 to \$7.00, to close out, pair	\$2.50
100 Scotch Lace Bed Sets, shams to match, extra size, were \$3.00, cut to, set	\$1.75
150 pair Tapestry Derby Portieres, fringe top and bottom, were \$3.50, now, pair	\$2.50
125 Rope Portieres, for full size doors, were \$2.00, now	\$1.35
25 dozen best Oil Opaque Window Shades on best spring rollers, fixtures complete, size 3x6, were 45c, now, each	22½c
750 yards Simpson's best Furniture Cretonnes, 36 inches wide, were 20c, only yard	11c
75 Japanese Porch Curtains, size 8x8, 10x8, 12x8, regular value \$2.00, cut to, each	\$1.00

Carpets and Matting.

Big line of China Straw Matting, twenty patterns, per yard	15c
9x12 best grade Tapestry Brussels Room Rugs, worth \$17.50—for	\$13.50
9x12 Wilton Velvet Room Rugs, in fine, rich designs, would be cheap at \$24.00—as long as they last	\$17.50
100 rolls Tapestry Brussels Carpet, all new designs, were 65c a yard—for	49c
9x12 Axminster Room Rugs, in very swell effects, they sell all over at \$25.00—our price	\$19.50
Very best quality Scotch Inlaid Linoleum, beautiful patterns, never sold for less than \$1.50 a yard—for this week only.	\$1.10

Hosiery.

Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread Hose and fine gauge Cotton, fancy colors, blacks and boot patterns; also Children's Silk, sizes a little broken, goods sold at 50c to 75c, choice	35c
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MILLINERY.

150 Trimmed Hats, in white and colors, worth \$3.00 to \$4.00; your choice	\$1.50
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Dress Goods.

Just Received—200 pieces Dotted Swiss, the very latest designs, only	15c
----------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

Muslins.

200 pieces yard-wide Unbleached Sea Island Muslin, fine thread and good quality, a splendid muslin for general household use, bought to sell at 5c a yard—as a flyer, while they last (a yard) 2¾c

Don't all speak at once
10 yards to each customer.

500 dozen Bleached Pillow Cases, sizes 42x36 and 45x36, two-inch hem, soft finish and ready for use—made to sell at 15c each—our price until sold (each) 9c

120 pieces 9-4 Unbleached Sheeting, good heavy quality, made to sell at 20c a yard—others can't see how it is we can sell them at the price—while they last (a yard) 10½c

5 yards or one pair of sheets
to each customer.

5000 yards of yard-wide Bleached Muslin, soft finished for the needle—the same kind that always sells at 7c a yard, but to give our customers something good for the money we will sell them while they last (a yard) 5c

Wash Waists.

At 98c—350 dozen Ladies' Fine Wash Waists, made of chambray, madras cloth, percales, India linens, mercerized ginghams and sateens, colors blue, lavender, oxblood, pink, white and black; also a grand assortment of stripes and figures, some trimmed with lace, some with embroidery, others tucked and pleated; this is a grand Waist bargain; actual value \$1.50 up to \$2.00, our special waist flyer, only 98c

Wash Goods.

5000 yards of 24-inch-wide dark ground, full standard Prints, in 50 different styles, 6¼c quality—go while they last—12 yards to a customer—per yard 2½c

Don't all speak at once.

200 pieces 36-inches wide China Blue Dress Percale, 12½c quality—go at a special price of, per yard 8½c

All our remaining stock of fine imported Scotch Gingham, in plaids and stripes—the quality that has been selling all season at 25c a yard—to get rid of them quick they are yours, while they last, at (a yard) 15c

Fourth
Floor.

Pianos.

Fourth
Floor.

We have THREE SAMPLE PIANOS, built especially for the recent competition for supplying Pianos to the St. Louis Schools. They are the highest examples of the piano builders' art, with every new and up-to-date idea embodied in their construction. The cases are exquisite, and are in genuine San Domingo mahogany, quartered golden oak and Hungarian walnut. As they are something different from our regular stock, we are going to sell them at just two-thirds of their value.

One valued \$375.00 will be sold for \$250.00

One valued \$450.00 will be sold for \$300.00

And one valued at \$525.00 will be sold for \$350.00

All will be guaranteed for ten years, and easy terms made to good people.

See also our great "Columbia" Piano, guaranteed for 5 years, for \$189.00

LINENS.

25 pieces Loom Damask, a good heavy quality of union linen, regular width, in several different patterns, considered good value at 30c a yard, but to clear them out quick they go until all sold at, yard 19c

4500 yards Bleached Twilled Crash, the kind you have been paying 5c yard for, as a special leader until sold, a yard 2½c

Don't all speak at once.

TWO TOWEL SPECIALS.

350 dozen Bleached Fringed Towels, soft finish and ready for use, size 18x35, fast selvage, manufacturers' price to-day 10c each, our price, while they last, each 5c

300 dozen Bleached Huck Towels, hemmed and ready for use, the 20c kind; note the size, 20x45 inches; others wonder how we do it, but we do; as long as they last, each 10c

800 White Crochet Bed Spreads, with fringe all around, new patterns, extra quality, large enough for any brass or iron bed; bought to sell at \$1.75 each, while they last, each \$1.25

SHOES

Ladies' Low Cut Shoes, in vici kid or patent leathers, with opera, Cuban or Louis XIV heel, hand turn—also Low Shoes, with extended soles, on mannish lasts, in patent leather or kid—in this lot you will find Ladies' 3-strap Slippers, with French heels—not a pair of above worth less than \$3.00 and up to \$4.00 a pair, choice for \$1.98

BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot!
Lay in the Field of Blood;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
'Tho' the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Looked on in despair.

The breath of the world came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the world's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan—
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are as sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
So grim and gaunt and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw,
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,
Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seemed
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated, light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a Cross upon a hill.

A cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross-bar sat
A white dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle cross,
A grave yawn'd wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shiver'd and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the brig of dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the brig of dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on
All through the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like the moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place.

He wandered East, he wandered West,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
As dim, as dim might be,
Then came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Crawled to the distant gleam,
And the rain came down and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Pushed on by hands behind,
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the world was white with snow,
And his foot marks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silver moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Passed on the window light.

Shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the bridegroom sat at the table head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear—
"Oh, who is that?" the bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall,
And he entered soft and slow.
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow."

The bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table head—
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessed bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low
"Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see—
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With the body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad and bare—
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding sheet.

'Twas the bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd smiling sweet;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

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STORIES IN EMBRYO.

A man who makes his living by writing stories for the lesser magazines began to explain the other day how he got many of his ideas. "I am gifted with very quick hearing," said he, "and am constantly catching scraps of conversation in street cars and other public places, which seem to furnish the keynotes for good stories. These detached phrases are more often tragic than funny, and seem almost instantly to fit themselves to a story, while others defy explanation for many a long day. Yesterday I heard a good one, which has utterly baffled me so far, although I am convinced that a thrilling tale lies back of it, if my second sight only comes to me. I was waiting for a ferry boat to come in and stood by an open window looking out toward the street. Almost below me were three peddlers; one, a paralyzed woman in a wheeled chair, sold candy; another, a crippled boy, had chosen chewing gum as his stock in trade, while the third, an old woman, had her arms full of lilacs. The last mentioned was speaking. The boy on crutches had drawn very near and was listening open-mouthed.

"With that," said the lilac woman, "he catches her by the arm. 'Damn you,' says he, and he blows his brains out. Blows 'em right clean out—would you believe it? I never since I was born see!—She broke off and began crying 'Lilocks! Nice lilocks! Five cents a bunch!' I waited for her to come back, but trade was brisk, and before she returned the boat had pushed in and my dinner invitation forced me on board.

"In a street car I heard two girls chatting of a comedy which seemed to me to promise well for a teller of tales. 'Her people never knew a thing about it until they reached the Union station in Boston—not a thing!' 'Well, I never!' ejaculated the other. 'Yes, indeed,' went on the first speaker. 'Of course, they tried to hush it up, but Mrs. Thompson—you know what she is—she goes and tells the sewing circle,'—violent giggling on the part of both. 'The church just about split up over it,' concluded the first girl as they left the car, still giggling. I just caught the answer of the second young woman: 'After all, it was kind of hard on Aunt Martha!' Here is a situation to tickle the palate of a humorist. I write little humor myself, so I make a present of it to anyone who will take it, suggesting that they deal gently with Aunt Martha, and give the garrulous sewing circle its deserts.

"The best—that is, the most complete—conversation of the sort I ever heard floated to me through the door of the ladies' room at a hotel outside of which I stood waiting for a friend. One woman had apparently been looking in the glass, for the talk began with 'What a fright I am! Forty, at least. I'll never be taken for 20 any more—that's certain!' 'It's the weather, my dear,' answered someone. The reply came after a slight pause, but it was vicious in its energy when it did come: 'No, it isn't the weather, and you know it. It's Dick! When a woman can't walk down a street without thinking of the day she walked down it with a man who's heaven knows how many miles away, it's no wonder she looks 40. Dick kept me young—he was such a boy himself! Now I'll be middle-aged in two years!' Her friend answered quietly with the sarcasm which meant to hurt in order to do good: 'So, that being the case, you naturally send Dick off to India and promise to marry Seymour!' The first speaker laughed half bitterly, half hysteri-

cally. 'Yes, that's my feminine logic, exactly.' 'Maybe if you look consistently like a fright he'll tire of you—Seymour likes beauty.' The woman laughed again, unpleasantly. 'No, he won't, child. You've no idea how fascinating I am, even if I do look 40. No such luck!' I heard no more, but all day thought of Dick, eating his heart out in India, and of Seymour, rejoicing in his conquest and probably blissfully unaware that any thoughts strayed from him over the ocean to where a young man was thinking of home and cursing his luck generally. Now, it is obvious that Dick was younger than the woman with whom he was in love, and perhaps not an eligible parti. She, a woman of 30, with a large circle of friends, had no intention of being laughed at, so her choice fell on the irreproachable Seymour. If she marries him, how she will loathe him! If Dick is young, he will get over it, too, and that will add gall and wormwood to her cup. I don't know when I've been so sorry for anybody.

"Short sentences reach me constantly. One evening not long ago I heard a woman's voice—it was a young voice, too—in the shadow of a building. A man was with her. 'Oh, I can't go home,' she said. 'Thank you very much for your kindness, but I can't go home—I can't.' In answer to something he said the voice went on: 'Yes, but I should never forgive myself. That's the trouble. They would be kind enough. No, I can't do it—I can't go home.'"—*New York Tribune.*

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HIS DENOMINATION.

A missionary attached himself to the Wild West Show with the view of looking after the spiritual welfare of the stock company of Indians and half-breeds, but his first conversation with a certain Broncho Bill led him to throw up his mission. "This is Mr. Broncho Bill, is it not?" began the missionary. "Ya-as!" "Where were you born?" "Near Kit Bullard's mill, on 'Big Pigeon.'" "Religious parents, I suppose?" "Ya-as!" "What is your denomination?" "My what?" "Your denomination." "O—ah—ya-as. Smith and Wesson."

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The editor of the MIRROR, Mr. William Marion Reedy, has, at the request of the sonneteer, written a few pages of foreword for the edition.

Of this sequence of sonnets the editor of *Current Literature*, Mr. Bayard Hale, wrote an appreciation as introduction to a selection of the verses in the April issue of that periodical. In that article Mr. Hale said the sonnets celebrate "in an almost Hellenic stateliness of phrase, with a restrained jubilation, with a vigor of robust thought cast into a rare exquisiteness of form, the tranquil delights of wedded life.

"The immemorial story has been sung by the long line of poets. The transports of passion have not waited till now for description. But—this sonnet-sequence having now reached its conclusion—we record the deliberate doubt whether the sheer peace, the simple, sane, satisfying joy of wedlock has ever found nobler expression.

"The restfulness of love, the strength in comradeship, the deepening of trust, the gathering delight of common recollections, the grace of remembered days and kisses, the thrill of united hopes—all this, as it becomes conscious of itself, its wonder and glory—this is what these sonnets sing. The experiences of life may have been commonplace—all the more are they human. Always indeed beneath them is the marvel of existence, and beyond them is the mystery of death, and around them is the sacrament of nature.

"But under no heavier shadows than those of reverie the mated lovers walk together through fields and woods, reviewing and accepting the earth and their own natures, loving the winds, the stars and the grasses as sharers in the 'equable ecstasy' of living, loving and being loved.

"Love may have deeper fashions. The element of tragedy may be necessary to glorify it utterly. Love may be a finer thing when it strengthens itself and loves the more because it is unrequited, because it is undeserved, because it is unavailing—gathering out of some such splendid sorrow its crown of joy. But of its serener and more desired delights we have now an expression which is, as the MIRROR declares, 'wholly sweet and reconciling.'"

Such an appreciation from such an authoritative source justifies the further assertion by another critic that no such body of original verse has been put forth in America in the last quarter of a century or more. Every one will wish to read

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Ar. New York.....	2:55 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	8:00 a.m.
Ar. Boston.....	4:55 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	10:34 a.m.

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